26 January 1979 30p USA & Canada $1 By Air

NEW STATESMAN

WHAT CRISIS? WHAT CRISIS?

SHUTDOWN BRITAIN

YOUR CRISIS SUN

TODAY'S issue of The Sun is only 12 pages — the smallest we have ever produced. It is also printed on the wrong size newsprint, the only kind we could lay our hands on.

But it still provides aston- e For Money.

In order to cram in all the news, sport and pictures possible, we have left out all advertising.

We apologise to both advertisers and readers. Normal service will be resumed as soon as possible.

Wives in High St. hustle to spend the 50p pound

CRISIS

Water threat

MORE

RAIL CHAOS

BATTLE OF BRITAIN '79

Moss Evans

Sir Keith raps union power

BUCKTON SAYS: NO HOPE

Act now, bosses tell Jim

to Big Jim: This is what the crisis is really all about

EVERY DAY IS KILLING US!

ICI

MAR 2 3 1979

SHOTS FIRED AT BIG

Women beat pickets

HOW THEY MADE THE CRISIS —and how to avoid the next one

RAIL CHAOS FROM 10pm AS PEACE BID FAILS

Huge lay-off

THE NOOSE TIGHTENS

Let's fig this evil together, plead

STOP! RAIL PEACE BID FAILS

BEHAVE, BROTHERS

PICKET KILLED UNDER LORRY

Crisis groups set up

How the lorry strike

FAMINE

BREAKFAST BLOCKADE

Food stores ready to close

Picketing myths/ Thatcher's law/ Worker's rights

Public spending ambushed/ China's boss

SF: Amis on Arthur Clarke

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Forward with the unions

IT MIGHT BE superfluous to say that there is no way forward for this country via a divorce between the Labour Party and the unions – except that such propositions are canvassed by writers like Peter Jenkins in the *Guardian*, and form part of the private mutterings of Labour MPs. Division on the left would be the decisive victory for British conservatism. No society can be remodelled – in the direction that most of us, outside Toryism, want to go – without the minute participation of its union movement.

Bombarding the unions is not demanding sport: numerous suppliers offer ammunition. The movement is disunited, narrow-minded, not rarely corrupt and undemocratic in its practices. It is absurd that a movement aspiring to social reform will not confront the problems of income-distribution – lip-service is for socialism, but solid worship for differentials. (Critics of the Right, adhering to differentials of their own, regard this deviation leniently.) That said, the unions show a continuing vitality – nowhere more so than in the much-vilified stewards' movement, which has grown from 90,000 in 1961 to 300,000 today. Those who chiefly observe industrial life through violently-biassed news-media (page 106) should reflect whether such a development could have occurred did it not serve the real needs of working people in a time of economic peril.

Briefly, our unions exhibit no faults which are not those of our society at large. And they have virtues – chiefly, a sense of practical social morality – not much displayed by British capitalism and its managers. This is a truth no less valid for being unfashionable: elsewhere, we show that the momentum of this crisis derives from the fact that for many months the unions have compromised their sectional interests in exchange for governmental promises – and the passage of time has proved those promises hollow. Last year, Roy Hattersley stated that a Labour Party which acceded to union-bashing would imperil its own existence, and we must hope this is evidence of will to resist the pressure for some new legislative attack upon the unions – disguised with a banner of Thatcherite 'liberty' (Lord Wedderburn, page 101). Grass-roots unionism is the essence of liberty: it springs from a determination by ordinary people to stand up for themselves – in the only way available – against state bureaucracy and business interest.

But, beyond defensiveness, the real task for Labour is to devise an incomes policy capable of surviving the three-year barrier. And there are basic measures without which such a feat will remain impossible:

1. A means to deal with exceptional private-sector profits. Otherwise, there will occur in the life of every incomes-policy, a moment when organised workers perceive – as they did at Ford – that their own adherence to wage-restraint merely produces irreversible gifts for a corporation over which they have no control.

2. A means of true comparison between public and private sectors, abandoning the idea that government, as 'super-employer', might control inflation by forcing down the wages of those who perform essential public services.

3. An unyielding attitude to 'top salaries' and executive emoluments, which have (as we have shown) escaped many of the penalties falling on manual-workers' incomes. It would be unpopular, but a rhetoric of national emergency will not sort with a practice of special treatment for those already privileged. (And if Michael Edwardes has not stomach for this fight, let crowns for convoy be thrust immediately into his purse.)

No such short-term package could remove the distortions which have grown into our society over many decades of capitalist decay. But in the hands of a determined government, they could produce the preconditions for reform: the climate in which production and incomes might be realistically and regularly matched, without resort to monetarist necromancing. Two other commitments, of a more long-term nature, would also be urgently required: a commitment to industrial democracy, and a commitment to reform of the national bureaucracy. There can be no doubt that our industrial apparatus is decayed, overmanned and ill-managed to a degree that has yet to be fully exposed. No radical cure can even be begun until people are convinced of the reality of honest and open dealing in the workplace.

Equally, there can be no sensible management of economic crises when the government's economic advisers are incapable of calling the economic odds with reasonable accuracy. If we are indeed to suffer a long period of industrial action by badly-underpaid public employees, let us remember that the demands of NUPE and the GMWU could be met with space to spare out of the Treasury's margin of error on last year's public-spending forecast (page 100).

NOTES

Beating the left sensible

Francis Wheen writes: It was grimly appropriate that the National Front's AGM last Saturday should have been held on the same day as the funeral in East London of Michael Ferreria, a victim of the racism which the National Front does its best to encourage. The most ominous note of the day was sounded by NF chairman John Tyndall who, in a long and ranting speech, declared 'it hasn't been the National Front that's been obliterated. The obliteration has been of the red mobs who declared war against the NF – the red mobs whose members, as they nurse their scars and bruises, are now perhaps wiser people than they were before.' There seems only one possible interpretation of this comment, but doubtless the police will think otherwise. 'If our opponents are determined not to allow debate and argument,' Tyndall continued, 'we will use all the force and all the power necessary to defend ourselves against them – and when they hurt us we'll hurt them four or five times as much.'

The same delight in violence inspired Tyndall's choice of the Elizabethan and Tudor era as Britain's finest hour: 'In that age men first thought of Empire, not as a device to bring democracy to savages, but as something for the expansion and enrichment of the British race. A man like Drake was able to act ruthlessly against the nation's enemies and not bring upon himself the disapproval of a thousand pens, dripping with the anguish of liberal thinkers.'

Observation of the meeting was cut short when Martin Walker of the *Guardian* and myself were forcibly ejected by a rabble of NF goons. What we did see in the hall, however, suggested that reports of the NF's death may have been greatly exaggerated. The turn-out, of over 1,000, was impressive given the secretive and complicated system of 'redirection points' by which NF members had to find the venue (which turned out to be the Seymour Hall), where a notice proclaimed the AGM of the 'British Physical Chemistry Association'.

Nevertheless, there are still signs of rebellion in the ranks. During the debate on a motion declaring that no member of the NF National Directorate should be a freemason (which was defeated), the apelike NF activist Derek Day – who was also responsible for my sudden expulsion from the hall – said that if the motion was passed the Front should also agree not to allow homosexuals on the Directorate. Indeed a motion suggesting precisely this had been brought forward earlier in the morning, but the chair refused time for it to be debated – presumably to spare the blushes of the NF's activities organiser Martin Webster.

Because of bad publicity in the past, the Front is also selecting its candidates for the next general election with more care than usual: one NF stalwart was privately furious that he had been turned down because of his past associations with the British Movement, a Nazi group which is on the Front's list of proscribed organisations. Tyndall is clearly desperate to present a 'clean' face to the electorate, but even so he seemed to anticipate an unsuccessful election campaign, and was already making excuses: 'We are not a party that seeks its justification in the momentary approval that it may gain at the ballot box or in the opinion polls. We are in a war and we have to face the vicissitudes, as well as the triumphs, of war.'

A new Norwegian 'resistance'

Duncan Campbell writes: A new round of state security trials starts in Norway this week. One of Norway's most celebrated veterans of the wartime resistance, Major Sven Blindheim, has appeared in the Supreme Court this Friday to appeal against a suspended prison sentence imposed after he had revealed details of his work in the 1950s for Norwegian military intelligence, which had involved the undercover recruiting of sabotage teams in Finland for attacks on the Soviet Union. He was also involved in the organisation of right-wing former members of the Norwegian resistance into 'stay-behind nets' to carry on guerrilla activities against a Soviet invasion or communist government in any of the Scandinavian countries. The nets were equipped with weaponry and radio equipment by Nato intelligence agencies and the CIA.

Ironically, since Blindheim's original disclosures, which were intially wholly denied by the government, the whole story has largely become an open book. The memoirs of former CIA chief William Colby, published last year after Blindheim had been charged, described Colby's work as a CIA agent in Norway, Sweden, Denmark and Finland organising the stay-behind and sabotage groups.

Last November, police searching the Oslo home of a right wing former shipowner, Hans Otto Meyer, discovered a cache of arms in a secret room, including American, German, and Nato arms and anti-tank weapons. The room was also equipped with radio to act as a military command centre. After repeated official denials and retractions, it was admitted that Meyer had been recruited to a

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NOTES

secret military arm of the security service as part of the network originally set up by the CIA. The centre had been exercised at least once during the 1960s, in an armed rehearsal to counter a coup. Although the defence ministry had, after questions about CIA activities, claimed that the arms and equipment of the stay-behind nets had been transferred to the defence forces after 1962, it was clear that Meyer's cache had been established by the security services after that date. Meyer, a fanatical anti-communist, has now been charged solely with illegal importation of some of the arms discovered.

The Blindheim appeal will be the first of a series of trials which has already tarnished the Norwegian government's liberal democratic image. The major case of the series, involving two journalists on the socialist weekly *Ny Tid* and a publishing assistant who were involved in Blindheim's original disclosures, starts next month.

War on the off-licences

Philip Shaw writes: A strange alliance of interests will descend on the House of Commons next Monday, when the National Union of Licensed Victuallers and the National Association of Licensed House Managers are linking up with the United Kingdom Alliance, Britain's leading temperance body. This bizarre party wants the support of Sir Bernard Braine – chairman of the National Council on Alcoholism – and Ron Lewis – MP for Carlisle, once the home of the state brewery – to halt the granting of further off-licences. They also want to stop the automatic 'upgrading' on request of wine licences to full on-licence status. Both these developments have increased the competition faced by traditional pubs.

Since the war, licences have grown from 123,032 licences in 1946 to 162,462 in 1977. Within this total the number of on-licences has fallen with the decline of 'a pub on every corner', but off-licences have grown: up by over 12,000 between 1960 and 1977.

The licensed trade's criticism of this trend may be connected with the off-licences' freedom to buy where they like. Some 50,000 of Britain's 74,484 full licences are still 'tied' to their source of supply. The major brewers – concerned about their reputation for restricting competition – are watching the publicans' alliance with the teetotallers with interest.

The off-licences claim they are satisfying a need and that they offer product knowledge beyond the usual depth of an on-licensee. Also conscious of their image, many, particularly in the supermarket field, have recently participated in schemes to promote awareness of the illegality of under-age purchasing; members of the Brewers' Society have done the same.

Oil spills untamed

Brian Wilson writes: The first oil to reach the Sullom Voe pipeline terminal in the Shetlands was formally welcomed ashore last weekend – amid growing local concern about the management of the entire project. As junior Energy minister Dr J Dickson Mabon was picketed at the terminal, local conservationists pointed out that the Islands had suffered their first oil spill victims already, largely due to quite inadequate pollution clearance measures. Over 1,500 birds and 1,000 otters have been killed as a result of a spill of 1,100 tons of bunker fuel from an Esso tanker. The spill itself was partially also the result of unobserved precautions; too few tugs had towed the tanker into the harbour, and when one tug caught fire and had to move away rapidly, the tanker collided with part of a jetty.

With the completion of Sullom Voe far behind schedule and arrangements to prevent or deal with accidents looking distinctly shaky, the image of efficiency presented by the Shetland Islands Council and the oil companies has tarnished. The council, in particular, is jealous of its reputation as the local authority that tamed the oil companies. Now its own successful interventionism seems in danger of leaving it the weaker and submissive partner in the oil enterprises in which it insisted on a stake. Two senior council officials concerned with pollution and the ports have already been forced to resign because of their critical attitude to safety precautions.

Former pollution officer Captain Chris Hunter predicted last August that there would be one minor spillage a week with a major incident every ten years. He considered that the dangerous approaches and treacherous climate magnified the risks inherent in any large oil installation. The Director of Ports and Harbours, Captain George Biro, resigned in September after a report of his was leaked to the press. He had outlined inadequacies in safety arrangements, and stressed the shortage of first class harbour pilots and skilled tradesmen.

The council's fears for their reputation go further than maintaining local pride in the 'taming' of the oil companies. The Sullom Voe terminal, expected to handle about half the eventual North Sea oil production, could well be a target for nationalisation.

FREE SPEECH

Sam Silkin and the art of self-defence

If Clement Freud's Official Information Bill reaches the statute book – it could, after last week's unopposed second reading – then the unlovely provisions of Section 2 of the Official Secrets Act will come at long last to the graveside. Merlyn Rees, however, moodily plans to continue life support. And meanwhile the Attorney-General, Sam Silkin, is trying to re-write the last year of Section 2's inglorious history.

Silkin was responsible for the trial in which I, another journalist, and a former army corporal were defendants, under both Sections 1 & 2. We were acquitted – after much to-ing and fro-ing over jury vetting, the nature of secrecy and what have you – on six charges, and convicted on one Section 2 charge relating to an interview two years ago. Two of us were discharged, and ex-Corporal John Berry got a six-months suspended sentence. The milder press comments suggested that the whole thing had been a blunder.

Silkin's self-defence was first produced at a (private) meeting of Labour MPs last year: a few days ago his parliamentary secretary, Arthur Davidson, obligingly re-cycled it as an article in *Labour Weekly*. The line of argument, which deserves a little comment, proposes that a Labour A-G can only interpret the law as he finds it, and that getting us on one charge each under the notoriously 'catch-all' Section 2 is justification for all the palaver. This doesn't explain away the 'oppressive' Section 1 charges, which had to be dropped. But Silkin claims that the judge has been 'widely misquoted' on this point. Really? 'Oppressive' was a word the prosecution first used, whereon the judge noted:

> The crown have made two concessions – (firstly) they think it would be oppressive in this case for me to apply the law because of the presumption (of guilt) that arises in (Section 1) . . . It is a very oppressive section designed to meet spying or sabotage. To extend it beyond that should be resisted.

This 'misquotation' may be compared with Silkin/Davidson's management of the judge's words in *Labour Weekly*:

> . . . the judge said that the information disclosed by Berry was 'still important' and 'of a kind which might imperil the lives of former colleagues and other innocent people' . . .

He did no such thing. He said:

> Although the information was stale and of a comparatively low level of intelligence, I believe it was still important.

The judge *never* said that Berry's disclosures had, or could have, endangered anyone's life – nor did the prosecution claim it. Davidson appears to be twisting what Judge Mars-Jones said in *contrasting* Berry's behaviour with that of American intelligence defectors:

> You did what you did because you thought it was your moral duty . . . I believe that very few people in this country have sympathy with defectors from the CIA or NSA who make money from disclosing secrets which they were entrusted with; disclosures which might imperil the lives of former colleagues and other innocent people. As I have said, money was not your motive.

Silkin/Davidson misquote the judge yet again when they make him put the matter in 'the upper half of Section 2' – implying that the prosecution weren't so wrong to go eyeballs-out for Section 1. The actual words were:

> I would put your case *just* inside the upper half of the [Section 2] scale.

which suggests that they were near enough half a section out. It is remarkable that Sam Silkin should still seek to justify the blunders into which the security services led him. But if this is a reasonable specimen of his champion's performance, I am glad that Davidson wasn't defending me.

Duncan Campbell

Testing time in Egypt

Christopher Hitchens writes from Cairo: Alfred Atherton is an uninspiring figure, and not likely to set the Nile on fire at the best of times. He arrived in Cairo this week to continue the American peace mission, as a figure of the second rank who has failed to convince the Israelis of the importance of linkage between a peace treaty and West Bank autonomy. The Egyptians are more impatient on both counts – because the departure of the Shah has enhanced Israeli dependence on Sinai oil (perhaps developed in co-operation with Egypt) and because the anti-Sadat line-up still includes the Saudis, who are nothing if not impressed by the swing to the PLO in Tehran.

This unpromising background to American

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efforts in the region has caused senior Egyptians to call for a reconvening of the Carter summit. It has also inspired them to suggest that, if Israel is nervous about the West Bank, it should run an autonomy election experiment in the Gaza strip. This ploy is a difficult one to rebut, since Gaza is not as important strategically, but very militant in the political dimension.

If Israel refuses a contest there, its sincerity about the whole package is put in doubt. The apparent failure of America to domesticate its client in the region has led to a public wrangle between Sadat and Begin over the interpretation of Article Six, which places the Cairo-Jerusalem accords above all previous treaties. In a week where Egyptian spokesmen commented hopelessly about not standing idly by in the Lebanon, this nerve is an especially tender one (the more so since Egypt has stood idly by as regards the Lebanon for more than ten years).

Atherton's mission could hardly have been worse timed, coming as it does upon a moment where the frailty of the American clientele is plain for all to see. Sadat has not emerged well from his attack on the Leftist party in Egypt, which has suffered arrests and harassment for opposing the visit of the Shah. He has done enough favours to be able to demand something concrete in return.

As Atherton jetted in, and the Shah jetted out, they must have felt conscious of Andrew Young's ambition, also expressed widely here this week, that the United States should have as much pull in the Middle East as the PLO. The fact that they do not, and that Israel will still not consider a real self-determination for the West Bank, is the reason why Atherton has not got beyond the theology of Article Six to a real consideration of the Palestinian problem. Meanwhile, Swedish soldiers in the Sinai say that Egypt is moving forward men and machines. If this is to impress the Americans with a show of impatience, it is a superfluous manoeuvre.

Muck in bricks

David Hewson writes: Junction 13 on the M1 is the spot where motorists unfamiliar with the area sniff the air and start to wonder what is going wrong with their cars. The reason is an intense smell of burning rubber coming from more than 30 chimneys in the nearby London Brick Company brick field near Bedford. The field is LBC's largest in the area and plays its part in keeping LBC one of Britain's profitable building monopolies. Pollution from the field has long been the subject of fierce criticism from local residents and, in particular, farmers who cite horrifying tales of cattle which they claim have died from fluorisis caused by emissions from the works. LBC have now announced they want to shut down the field at Stewartby (modestly named after the Stewart family who founded and continue to run LBC) and open a new works four miles away at Cranfield. The reason is efficiency, not pollution – which LBC say they cannot control economically.

LBC say the pollution, though smelly, is not harmful to health. Bedfordshire County Council's planning department think otherwise. The Council, which takes great interest in LBC as north Bedfordshire's largest employer, has produced a secret internal document which discusses the effects of the smoke and sulphur dioxide emissions from the works.

It questions the accepted safety limits produced by the Medical Research Council, and points out that while sulphur dioxide levels have been falling nationally due to clean air legislation, in the countryside around the works they may be increasing so that pollution is comparable to that in a small industrial town in 1960.

More important, though, are the report's remarks about the smell, which is caused by a gaseous organic substance known as mercaptaus. Little is known about this substance which is capable of giving off a tremendous stink even when reduced in the brick works. The Government's Warren Springs laboratory commented to the council:

> When the wind is in the south-west, the whole town (Bedford) can be invaded by the malodorous sulphur compounds produced in the works and filled with a stench rather like that of burning rubber. On amenity grounds, this far outweighs the unpleasantness of smoke or sulphur dioxide. Unfortunately, there would as yet seem to be no practical method available for preventing or reducing this nuisance.

The council is more worried by the health hazard:

> The presence of the obnoxious odours may cause considerable psychological stress, which is capable of being measured (by analysing adrenalin released into the subject's urine). It is unlikely that a strong case could be made against development in the Brickfields valley on the strength of levels of pollution concentration obtained so far. Possibly more important however, is the issue of odours and their effect both in amenities and on psychological health, and it may well be worth pursuing this issue most strongly.

How government spending plans were ambushed

Peter Kellner writes: When Labour came to power in 1974, it promised to use public spending to help fulfil its declared social objectives: higher pensions, better housing, more schools and hospitals. In January 1975 it unveiled its detailed plans(1). Last week's white paper(2), though designed to provide a glimpse at the future, is in fact most revealing for what it says about the past. Applying a little simple arithmetic to the white paper's figures, it transpires that the hopes of 1975 have been ambushed more thoroughly than any minister has yet admitted. In 1977-8, public spending was *£7 billion* less than Labour originally promised. Instead of the promised 13 per cent growth (in volume terms, after taking into account inflation) in the four years after the fall of Heath, there was no growth at all.

Spending cuts – 'announced changes to plans', to give them their official name – count for half of the £7 billion. The other half was due to bad forecasting and underspending. Put another way, had there been no cuts at all to 'make room for growth' (February 1976) or appease the IMF (December 1976) – then the overall outcome would still have been almost exactly what the IMF wanted. The combination of cuts *and* underspending has clearly deepened the recession.

Table 1 shows the stages by which the growth in spending evaporated. 1977 should have marked the low point: indeed, some of the IMF cuts were subsequently 'restored'. But in fact spending obstinately refused to recover.

Table 2 compares promise and performance for the main spending programmes. Only social security spending has grown faster than planned – but that is explained by high unemployment, caused by the recession itself. Some measure of the 1975 white paper's optimism can be judged by a footnote:

> The figures for unemployment benefit in future years are not to be regarded as reflecting a forecast of the levels to which unemployment *will be reduced*. (emphasis added)

Unemployment was then 700,000.

The health service, perhaps surprisingly, has emerged relatively unscathed, although Labour's original plans for growth were already modest. The preservation of growth in the budget for law and order is less surprising. The chief sufferers from deliberate cuts have been education, overseas aid, roads, and agriculture (principally, the withdrawal of food subsidies). Housing, and trade and industry, have seen the greatest underspending. Housing is partly explained by the brief decline in interest rates (which cut the subsidy bill). Trade and industry present a sorrier picture. On the Scottish and Welsh Development Agencies

> Spending in 1977-8 fell 36 per cent short of plans largely because of a lower than expected build up in their rate of activity. In 1978-79 their expenditure is likely to be 20 per cent below plans largely because fewer than expected investment opportunities have been identified.

Also:

> Expenditure on industrial research and development in 1977-78 was 22 per cent less than that provided for in (1977); and expenditure in 1978-79 is now expected to be 16 per cent lower than that envisaged in (1978). In each year this has been mainly because of difficulty placing contracts with industry . . .

On training for new jobs:

> Expenditure in 1977-78 was about £180 million (17 per cent) less than forecast in (1977) . . . The main reasons were lower than expected take-up of training places . . .

Clearly, in a number of areas, especially in reviving industry, it is indeed true that public spending has run out of control. But not quite in the sense that is usually meant.

1 THE VANISHING GROWTH

Below are three government forecasts of how public spending was expected to grow over the four years 1973/4 to 1977/8. Each showed a reduction, but they never caught up with what was really going on.

1975 (Social contract year): 13.4%

1976 (1st cuts round): 10.9%

1977 (IMF loan crisis): 6.3%

Actual growth over the whole four-year period: 0.3%

All figures in volume terms.

2 VICTIMS OF UNDERSPENDING: INDUSTRY & EDUCATION

	Social Security	Health	Law & Order	Personal social services	Northern Ireland	Defence
A: 1975 PROMISE	+20.2%	+9.1%	+17.4%	+10.6%	+22.5%	+6.3%
B: PERFORMANCE	+23.4%	+5.9%	+13.7%	+6.7%	+16.7%	–2.8%
B AS % OF A	102.6	97.1	96.8	96.5	95.3	91.4

	Education, science, arts	Overseas aid	Housing	Roads & Transport	Trade, Industry, Employment	Agric., Fisheries, Food
A	+9.2%	+24.1%	+33.0%	+14.1%	–38.0%	+30.3%
B	–1.8%	+5.9%	+13.4%	–8.1%	–51.2%*	–13.7%
B AS % OF A	89.9	85.3	85.2	80.5	78.7	66.3

*Excluding sale of BP shares

(1) *Public Expenditure to 1978-79, Cmnd. 5879*
(2) *The Government's Expenditure Plans 1979-80 to 1982-83*

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PICKETING
Bill Wedderburn

The law is already eating away at trades union rights

Thatcher's threat to workers

WHATEVER the outcome of the evolving debate about picketing, there are three things that must be made clear about the law. First, the state of the present law on picketing as such; secondly, the new proposals for changing trade dispute law made by Margaret Thatcher and James Prior in the Commons debate on 16 January 1979; and thirdly, the developments of the law by the judges during the last two years and the way those judicial doctrines would apply if the Tory proposals were made law.

Since 1906, there has been a statutory right in trade disputes to 'attend' on the highway near any place (except, since 1971, residences) for the purpose *only* of peacefully imparting information or peacefully persuading persons not to work. That right has never been restricted to any particular place of work so long as the trade dispute is being furthered. But the courts have said that the right does not extend to a power to 'obstruct' the highway or commit a 'nuisance' on the highway. So, in 1974, the House of Lords confirmed the conviction for obstruction of a building site picket who had impeded the progress of an incoming lorry for a few minutes. Pickets have no legal right to stop vehicles. And, of course, anything in the nature of violence or threats of violence (intimidation) is a crime, whether you are a picket or not.

So what are we to make of Mrs Thatcher when she said in the recent debate: 'The picketing that we now see taking place and the closed shop provisions have put into the hands of the trade unions a considerable weapon leading to violence and to intimidation that we cannot detect'? Of course, if it cannot be detected, violence or intimidation can hardly be prosecuted! A more charitable view is that Margaret Thatcher meant to say that it is hard to prove such offences. If that is so, it illustrates only one of the many serious limitations of law as an answer to trade dispute problems. We surely all know by now that law has a limited role to play in ensuring industrial peace.

But Prior and Thatcher have sailed ahead, nailing new legal colours to their mast in the debate. The vital way (she said) in which the Labour Government had changed the law for the worse was not in the Trade Union and Labour Relations Act of 1974 (which a minority government had to accept); it was the wicked 1976 TULRA Amendment Act passed by the majority Labour Government that had done the damage, especially its amendment of the law about interference with contract.

From 1906 to 1971 and from 1974 to 1976, the right to take industrial action rested upon protection of those who acted in 'furtherance or contemplation of a trade dispute' from civil liability for 'inducing a breach' of contracts of employment. But in the Sixties the judges had developed a new liability in tort for inducing breach of *commercial* contracts; and injunctions began to be granted against that wrongdoing. In 1969, Lord Denning went further and held that any direct 'deliberate interference' with a commercial contract, whether or not a breach, was a tort and wrongful.

Because statutory trade dispute provisions protected only breaches of employment contracts, the new judge-made law of the 1960's meant (as the Donovan Commission Report of 1968 recognised) that many kinds of industrial action were at least at risk of being unlawful as a tort in civil law. In 1976, the majority Labour Government rightly extended the liberty of action for those acting in furtherance of a trade dispute to permit interference with commercial as well as employment contracts. (Exactly how far the doctrine of interference with commercial contract could enter was not tested in the courts; but its potential threat was clear.)

In the 16 January debate, the Tory leaders have unequivocally condemned the 1976 Act and promised to repeal it. That is the core of the new Tory industrial relations law programme. There is in fact a dangerous half-truth in their allegation that the 1976 law has made lawful some 'secondary' picketing. It is no doubt true that under the law as it stood in 1970, or 1974, some 'secondary' picketing might well have been unlawful as interfering with commercial contracts (though whether injunctions would help in settling the disputes is another question). But if they were to totally repeal the 1976 Act and remove trade dispute protection for interfering with commercial contracts, then a lot of primary picketing, and even a number of ordinary strikes and other straightforward industrial action are likely to be immediately unlawful, trade dispute or no trade dispute.

In other words, the new Tory industrial law programme announced on 16 January as though it was a programme only for 'secondary' picketing would render unlawful a much wider area of normal trade union activity. It would do so on the basis of a liability for interference with contracts, the very liability which imprisoned the dockers' shop stewards under the 1971 Industrial Relations Act. The new Prior-Thatcher programme, confirmed by Lord Carr (author of the Industrial Relations Act) in the Lords debate on 17 January, and two days later supported by the CBI would, by repealing the 1976 Act, revive just that liability most detested in trade union circles from left to right and top to bottom.

But it would be worse than that. The Tory leaders must be taken to know how their proposals would fit in with recent judicial decisions about interlocutory injunctions. When legal proceedings are undertaken in an industrial dispute, an employer, or other plaintiff, invariably seeks an interlocutory – or interim – injunction against union officials. In legal theory, this is just to 'hold the balance' and 'conserve the status quo' until the full trial. But, in reality, if the employer gets his 'interim' injunction, he never wants to go on to the full trial. He has stopped the strike and that is what really matters to him.

Because of the false legal characterisation of such hearings as interim proceedings, the Government passed a statutory provision in 1975 compelling the courts to investigate the likelihood of the trade unionists ultimately succeeding at the trial with a defence of interfering with contract to further a trade dispute. The judges should assess that likelihood before granting any labour injunction. But the judicial reaction in the last two years has been to narrow remarkably, yet again, liberty of action in trade disputes. Indeed, four labour injunctions issued by the Court of Appeal presided over by Lord Denning give the lie to those who repeat the silly aphorism that trade unions are above the law. Very important injunctions were issued in 1977 against officials of the Association of Broadcasting Staff and SOGAT and in 1978 against the International Transport Workers and the NUJ.

These decisions almost obliterate the statutory provision of 1975 because the standard of proof required to show likelihood of success was set so high that few defendants (dragged into court at two or three days' notice) can ever hope to satisfy it. Secondly, the definition of a trade dispute is being in case after case ever more narrowly interpreted. Most important, the 1978 decisions give the judges a wholly new power to reject any defence that officials acted in furtherance of a trade dispute – the formula which is the very bed-rock of trade union liberties.

In the NUJ case, for example, the Appeal Court affirmed for the first time since 1906 that *it* had the right to judge whether sympathetic action was in furtherance of a trade dispute, even though the sympathetic strike or blacking was expressly taken so as to support those on strike in the original dispute. Then, by applying similarly high standards of proof to the defendants' case as those adopted on the issue of likelihood, the court was easily able to decide that *it* was not convinced that the sympathetic blacking furthered the primary strike – whatever the workers involved thought or intended. Even as the law stands, therefore, the courts have a new and untested power to declare sympathetic picketing unlawful if they – the judges – think it does not further the primary dispute.

Add the Prior-Thatcher proposals to these new Appeal Court decisions, stir gently, and you have a mix not dissimilar to the 1971 Industrial Relations Act.

The Government was right in the debate last week not to apologise for the 1976 Act. Callaghan commented that it was 'during the lifetime of the Industrial Relations Act that secondary and flying picketing became the nuisance that it is today'. The Act, he rightly added, was needed to counter the court decisions of the 1960s.

Discussions are now bound to take place about codes or guidelines for picketing. But the new Tory proposals to repeal the 1976 Act would, in the context of current judicial practice, go much further and make illegal areas of quite ordinary industrial action. Such laws would totally remove trade dispute protection from interference with commercial contracts. Other protections would be less effective. Industrial action would constantly risk illegality and labour injunctions in the courts. No wonder Margaret Thatcher – by training a lawyer – made such a good speech. For once her heart was really in it.

Lord Wedderburn is Cassel Professor of Commercial Law at London University.

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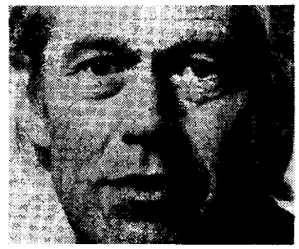
The strange death of a social contract

Union intransigence has been the most freely-canvassed cause of the social contract's fatal ailments. Amid the media's kaleidoscope of present images, it is easy to forget the history of the matter, and the process through which breakdown began. The true story is one of self-delusion in Whitehall, and the true fault of the *union leadership was to have protected the government* over-long from the consequences of delusion.



Alan Fisher and Moss Evans

IF THERE ARE to be prizes for the diameter of holes blown in the government's five-per-cent policy, the winners so far would probably be some 5,000 impeccably white-collared citizens employed by the Prudential Assurance Company. Represented by the Association of Scientific, Technical and Managerial Staff (ASTMS) led by Clive Jenkins, they settled for what the union, after much mumbo-jumbo about 'productivity', regard as 28½ per cent.

Negotiations were neither protracted nor difficult. 'But they wouldn't be, would they?' said one of those involved. 'They know we could always pull out the Pru's computer'.

The Pru is Britain's largest insurance company, and it is not much of an exaggeration to say that a large slice of capitalism would have to close down if its computer facilities were to blow its fuses. Of course, it may be doubted whether the Pru found the business particularly painful anyway: profits, as last reported, were £32 million.

The story might have raised a wry smile among groups of truck-drivers, who have lately been standing around braziers reading pop-newspaper accounts of their own economic despotism. The pop press, however, did not report the matter, for the whole business was handled very discreetly. The evidence suggests that Britain is living under an incomes policy which says you can do what you like – so long as you don't do it in the street and frighten the *Economist*.

In a time of confusions and ironies – none richer, surely, than the *Financial Times'* lament for the absence of Jack Jones, into whose effigy the Tory press once spent most of its time sticking poisoned pins – the story of ASTMS and the Pru is a useful one. In the first place, it suggests that the issue may be a little more complex than the alleged moral deficiencies of Moss Evans and his Transport Union colleagues. In the second, it demonstrates that trade union power can assume more than one form. It may, indeed, become so great that nobody ever thinks of challenging it, as is the case, for instance, with the Engineers and Managers Association. After the miners have settled, and the electrical tradesmen in the power industry, the EMA will be coming along to attend to the differentials of its highly-qualified members. And, as their general secretary, John Lyons points out: 'We don't need any secondary picketing'.

They don't, indeed, even need to go on strike – which legally, they aren't allowed to do. The EMA could close down the national grid just by being mildly uncooperative (which is why, as connoisseurs may remember, they got their money long before the miners did in Mr Heath's famous national crisis). In short, it is only weak unions who have to deploy their power in the streets, where they may come into conflict with the law, or who have to assert themselves like the ambulance drivers.

It is only rarely that union power is exercised with the smooth, private efficacy with which the power of capital, or the power of the Treasury, is employed.

BEING OLD PROS, the TUC and the government aren't giving up. They will try, over the next few days, to gain acceptance for a new 'concordat' or agreement of some kind. (The expression 'social contract' is thought to be rather jaded.) But, they do look like people climbing with glum persistence into an airplane of a type identical to the one whose funeral pyre still smokes on the horizon. It might make sense to investigate the accident before trying to take off again: briefly, the evidence suggests that the incomes policy came to grief for lack of political purpose.

Of course, it can be argued that this is the natural end of all incomes policies: two years and a bit being the fixed span. Paul Ormerod and others argued in the February 1978 issue of the *National Institute Review* that the economic models of the Treasury, the London Business School and the National Institute itself showed that it takes at least two years for workers to obtain *real* benefits through the price reductions which follow wage restraint. Yet it takes only six months for pay restraint to bite forcefully into their present living standards. Without a vigorous price policy, enormous pressures have therefore built up well before two years have elapsed. Failing some new initiative, a 'catching-up' process becomes inevitable. 'Last year', says Ormerod, 'the catch-up was in the private sector. This year it is in the public.'

It has been said that James Callaghan's great achievement was to defy the two-year law of income policy with a 'successful' Phase Three. His real – unique – achievement was to have a second phase tighter than the first: it is now clear that Phase Three was only minimally effective. Under the old wages index, there was a rise of 17 per cent, and under the new wage index (which gives more weight to the public sector) one of 14.2 per cent. The real fate of Phase Three was concealed by some energetic PR-work, and by the largely fortuitous rise of the pound, which restrained domestic prices. But all this does not suggest that incomes policy has been tried and found wanting; more, as Chesterton said of christianity: It had been found difficult, and not tried.

LAST SUMMER, the government seemed astonishingly confident. The Cabinet

365 days at Garners

This week marks the first anniversary of the strike for recognition by 100 members of the Transport and General Workers Union who work for the central London restaurant chain of Garners' Steak Houses. Garners' workers first began to organise into the T&GWU's International Workers Branch at the end of 1976. Long hours, low wages and insecurity of employment, endemic in the industry, were their main grievances. A waiter received a take home pay of £28 for a 55 hour week. Additional income from tips was very unreliable. A compulsory 70 hour week was common. Eventually 140 of Garners 160 waiters, kitchen and bar staff joined the union, which then approached the management for recognition. After several months without a satisfactory reply, the T&GWU approached ACAS with a request under Section 11 of the Employment Protection Act. But Garners' management refused to meet ACAS, alleging that they preferred 'to solve their problems internally'. At the same time Cyril Margolis told his work force that he would rather close down his restaurants than recognise the union, and proceeded to run down stocks. Faced with this threat 84 workers stopped work on 26 January 1978 and held a demonstration outside the company's Gerrard Street head office demanding union recognition. By the morning of the 27th all 84 had received letters of dismissal 'for taking part in a strike or other industrial action'. Another 16 workers joined the 84 and were likewise sacked. The strike was made official by the T&GWU one week later.

Throughout the past year most of the company's restaurants have been picketed daily by the strikers, who have survived on £6 a week strike pay from the union plus donations from trade union branches. This has affected trade considerably, but not sufficiently to force the management to negotiate a settlement. Rumours say that other hotel and catering employers, fearing that a victory for the Garners' strikers would increase unionisation, have been helping Margolis financially.

The police have been imposing a limit of six pickets per restaurant, which on occasions has been reduced to four or even two. Anyone over this limit who refuses to move is arrested.

Altogether 55 picketers have been arrested and charged, mostly with obstructing the highway. Only one has been acquitted. Physical attacks on the pickets have been common. The manager of one of the restaurants attacked a group of pickets with a meat axe. On another occasion Cyril Margolis's wife Rebecca punched 56 year old Bengali striker Jalil Khan in the eye, causing an injury which permanently affected his eyesight. The main witness to this incident was a police officer who took no action. Mrs Margolis was subsequently found guilty of assault on a private summons taken by Mr Khan and fined £25. Fines on picketers convicted of obstructing the highway have been as high as £100.

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A skilful manipulative photo in the *Observer* of T&G pickets.

machine, through the mechanism of the EY(P) committee, had become more involved than ever before in the minutiae of pay bargaining, and with apparent success. But there are problems of practice and equity which arise from detailed Cabinet participation in pay negotiations.

Because of its constitutional authority, and because of its role as largest single 'employer', and manager of nearly 60 per cent of the gross domestic product, the Cabinet can hardly fail to be a formidable negotiator. But pressure which yields to such irresistible force in one place is more likely to bulge out somewhere else than to vanish altogether. And constitutional authority, in the end, is too large a stake to play in the rough-and-tumble of routine bargaining.

And in any case, the government may have over-estimated its own role, and underestimated the degrees to which their 'success' was due to the union leadership's rapid cashing-in of credit built up over many years. Both Jack Jones and Hugh Scanlon applied Nelsonic tactics to their national-conference resolutions – advocating immediate return to free collective bargaining – to push through the 12-month rule and one more year of restraint. The TUC General Council's decision to abandon the firemen in the winter months had already shown that the leadership were ready to try and face down militancy: but it was not much more than a gesture of blind faith in Callaghan. Three TUC economic reviews, NALGO's research documents, the CPSA's analysis of the social contract, had all complained that the 'benefits' given to the unions – such as the Employment Protection Act, analysed on page 105 – were patchy and uncertain at best, and that Healey's economic strategy was wrong. Meanwhile, as we now know beyond doubt, the Treasury's retrenchments of public expenditure were cutting much harder than ever they were supposed to do (page 100).

It was strangely optimistic to imagine that new union leaders like Moss Evans and Terry Duffy would be able to hold the sky suspended against pressures that had nearly overwhelmed Jones and Scanlon. Discussions between the TUC and the government took on a strange, unreal air. As one involved observer put it:

> We said they might live to regret naming a figure. They said they thought they'd regret it if they didn't. Finally, the Prime Minister said he would go for five per cent. We said we didn't think it would work. But they said: Ah, you didn't think ten per cent would work – and it did.

Of course, it hadn't been ten, but nearer 17, and that had been a near thing. Why weren't the unions blunter in their advice? The same voice:

> I began to wonder myself whether they had repealed the law of gravity. Maybe all the forces I've known for the last 15 years have run out of steam. Maybe pigs will fly.

And of course, the TUC, like most government ministers, believed there would be an October election. The election would be fought on the promise of ten per cent – then, in the autumn pay round, everyone would do the best they could.

> A nod is as good as a wink to a blind elephant, isn't it?

The infectious dishonesty of such dealing may by now be integral to the process of Whitehall government. (The scenario perhaps accounts for the desperation with which some ministers, less insulated from reality than others, urged the October date upon Mr Callaghan.)

There was another element in the government's self-delusion: the possibility of 'sanctions' against particular firms and groups of workers. In the context of arguments about the improper use of 'muscle', it should not be forgotten that until quite recently the government was proposing to use its own massive strength to keep down the living-standards of particular groups of workers, with no reference to the justice or otherwise of their claim.

Sanctions, had they worked, would have depended entirely upon the vulnerability of particular employers – something as likely to be due to the fortuitous timing of a contract as much as anything else. Yet last weekend Peter Shore, in common with other ministers, was complaining that the Government would not be in such a mess 'but for the wretched vote in the House of Commons that destroyed sanctions policy.'

SANCTIONS, in truth, were dead long before the vote in mid-December and it was in the first place the Ford strike which did the business. Overall, British industry is not very profitable – indeed, on the strength of a much-touted 'liquidity crisis' during the course of the incomes policy, the Government was persuaded that it should take a relaxed attitude to company profits. Because of this, the importance of profits to the working of an incomes policy is frequently ignored. But the point about capitalist profits is that they are specific to each company, and the general pattern can conceal large individual variations. For instance, although real profits overall only rose 7 per cent between 1970 and 1976, the profits of the top 25 companies rose over 70 per cent.

And Ford's is an exceptionally profitable company, with a return on capital of some 40 per cent annually. If it is accepted that, in the politics of an incomes policy, one highly-publicised 'breakthrough' will generally damage the norm beyond repair, it is clear that one such profit return is enough to do the trick. The government, having no thought-out profits policy, was quite unable to do anything to alter the motivation of workers who were quite well able to perceive that the immediate result of their adherence to 'five per cent' would be to make a large present to the managers and owners of Ford's. The one possibility, a restraint on Ford prices, was ruled out because of a conflict-of-interest with another of the Governments's roles as super-manager of the economy: keeping Fords cheap might entirely demolish the market-share of British Leyland.

The difficulties do not suggest that extraordinary profits cannot be dealt with – merely that they cannot be dealt with *ad hoc*. When Swedish manufacturing made remarkable profits in 1974, because of pay restraint in the

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wake of the oil-supply crisis, the Social Democratic government imposed a special tax of 20 per cent. And the Swedish unions are now fighting for a system which would regularly tax high profits to fund the movement towards social control of industry. Ideologically, the plan stems from a specific union commitment to *equalisation* of wages: a proposal which would otherwise give particular firms huge, unmerited rewards. The Swedes may not achieve their aims, but the fact that they have made some progress is perhaps due to a formally-expressed opposition to the complex differentials beloved in British society.

WHEN FORD'S, inevitably settled for just under 15 per cent, Whitehall put on an extraordinary display. Civil servants assured journalists that there was no question of their imagining that purely notional 'sanctions' – a refusal by the Government to buy cars which Ford's could sell elsewhere – would actually damage Ford. The idea was to impress smaller firms. It was a process which the NS described as 'government by charade', and it failed dismally.

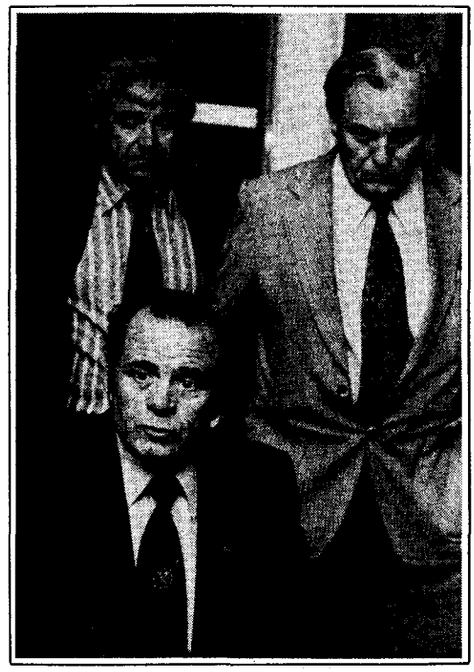
Predictably, ASTMS and other unions had taken careful legal advice, and they made it clear that they were ready to sue any employer who backed down on a pay settlement for fear of Government pressure. 'In most cases', said one official, 'we would have been able to join the Government as a third party, on grounds of breach of contract, restraint of trade or suchlike. We couldn't have been assured of winning. But neither could they have been.' And, with its authority at stake, the Government could scarcely afford to lose.

There was not much of a policy left by the time the lorry-drivers arrived on the scene: and it needs to be stressed at once that their 'secondary picketing', whatever criticisms may be applied to it, is not at all a novel concept. It is surely the only means by which people employed in a highly-fragmented industry can try to maintain their place – in a 'catching-up' operation – against the competition of unions who are in a powerful position vis-a-vis a neatly centralised employer. It is not too hard to see that restrictions on picketing would merely increase the injustice – and the tensions – implicit in a system which already favours middle-class unions at the expense of working-class ones.

Of course, we only start hearing about picketing the moment it becomes effective. The sight of the poorly paid workers from Garners (see page 102) presumably gladdens Mrs Thatcher's heart. Several years ago, realising there can be trouble on picket lines, the TUC proposed a code of conduct, but the government only produced a 'discussion paper' last October. This is not the only area in which contact between the TUC and the government has been ineffective.

THE 'CONTROL' of public spending has given local-authority workers a very raw deal. Last June, the National Earnings Survey gave an average of £66 for 45 hours for a man working full time, against a national manual average of £80. The women's average was £47.40 for 39 hours, and nearly a third earned under £40. About 500,000 workers in schools, hospitals and institutions are paid at a rate no higher than the minimum £42.40 for a full working week.

The national average for manual workers is now £90: the current claim merely seeks to increase the local-authority minimum to £60, to restore a comparison eroded sharply since 1974. At present, those people on the minimum wage – car park attendants, lavatory attendants, cleaners and messengers – receive less than a two-child family would get on supplementary benefit: they are paid less than the officially fixed minimum for the support of a family. And although families can claim various benefits, these are means-tested: the Low Pay Unit calculates that for workers receiving these benefits, a £5 pay increase is worth only £0.29p after tax.



The Ford negotiators

The chief mechanism at work here has been the imposition of 'cash limits' by the Treasury: a discipline which pays little attention to how the available money is spent, with the consequence that the more articulate groups within the public sector have tended to do better. Union leaders like David Basnett of the General and Municipal Workers now realise that they should have insisted on having more part in the planning of the cash limits system and in the negotiation of the rate-support grant to local authorities.

The TUC and the Treasury have now agreed to exchange policy documents, but far too late to influence last week's White Paper on public expenditure. And, belatedly, the TUC has set up a public services committee.

To Basnett, and Alan Fisher of NUPE, it is now clear that their unions should have done more to explain their case. Few people would prefer full dustbins, school meals uncooked, and the mentally ill uncared for: there has been little attempt to remind people of the fact, or try to convince ratepayers that they are getting value for money. On the other hand, the CBI and companies like ICI have put much effort into explaining that managers are underpaid, that profits means jobs, and that large corporations are socially beneficial.

They have not been unsuccessful. Senior executives have received pay increases breaking the pay policy by about £20 a week (NS 7 July 1978); fringe benefits are worth about £5,000 to the average managing director (NS 17 November 1978); taxes for the higher-paid, and taxes on wealth have been relaxed, with effective reduction in the rate of death-duty estates worth £2 million from 60 per cent to 15 per cent (NS 1 December 1978); and corporation tax has been effectively abolished for many companies (NS 19 January 1979). To rub salt into the local-authority workers' wounds, the council executives who are now resisting their claims recently acquired 12 per cent for themselves, despite government opposition.

Arguments about the macro-economic triviality of the sums received by the better-off have little to do with the politics of a country in economic crisis. One might as well say that if a general rides in the opposite direction to that in which he directs the cavalry charge, the loss of his individual fighting-power is too small to affect the outcome. What matters is the message conveyed to the troops about the seriousness of his demands for sacrifice.

The organisational strength of the low-paid has been radically affected by the fact that over the past ten years union membership in local authorities has risen from one-third to two-thirds of those employed. And, since 1975, NUPE has been much decentralised. Once, the members were presented with an annual settlement over which they had little influence. Today, the union is organised into districts corresponding to municipal boundaries, shop-stewards have been encouraged to do work which used to be handled by full-time officials, and a detailed system of consultation has been introduced to frame wage demands.

The Government's first reply was – phoney arithmetic. Mr Callaghan in the Commons said that a 15 per cent increase in local authority pay 'will' put up 'domestic rates' by 27 per cent. That could occur only if his own government chose to place the whole burden on domestic ratepayers, with no contribution from the commercial ratepayers, or from the Treasury, which covers 60 per cent of local-authority spending. The Government's immediate aim must be to obtain an interim settlement, and agree terms of reference for an overdue inquiry into municipal wages. The best way to get it might be to abandon the manipulative and finally self-deceptive mathematics which has marked the career of the 1974-78 incomes policy.

MANY POLITICIANS and unionists, when asked to talk about the way forward, tell the story of the countryman who, on being asked the way to Winchester, scratched his head and said: 'If I were you, I wouldn't start from here.' Nonetheless, attempts are being made inside the TUC to sketch out the framework of an 'Economic Concordat' or 'Procedural Agreement' on wage-bargaining. Nobody is denying the existence of a large credibility gap, but there is a realistic perception that the Conservatives, for all their short-term gains, have a considerable credibility-problem of their own when it comes to dealing with union problems.

The TUC 'shopping list', when it appears, will probably ask for ceilings on import penetration, a shorter working week, control of overseas investments, an investment reserve fund, and, embarrassed by the NUR-ASLEF wrangle, new machinery for inter-union agreements. More generally, the TUC will be looking for a new commitment to long-term planning of the economy, perhaps a five year plan, and a fresh approach to industrial democracy.

And slowly, as the debris clears, more and more people – not just the TUC – will begin

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edging towards some kind of annual, macro-economic planning and bargaining session, looking at precedents reasonably well-established on the Continent. The Manifesto Group of the Parliamentary Labour Party have expressed themselves against any formal pay norm, but want an annual process to gain agreement on inflationary expectations. (It seems a modest enough ambition.

The idea of an economic forum is sufficiently close to CBI thinking to make it tactically difficult for the Tories to crusade against the idea. Indeed, the CBI's 1977 document *The Future of Pay Determination* was quite specific in favour of a national structure, with union representation, designed to produce wage guidelines. Subsequently, there was a good deal of opposition from the CBI rank-and-file, who purported to see the approach of the corporate state in such developments, and the leadership back-tracked, saying that a better idea might be a Parliamentary Select Committee taking economic evidence from a number of sources.

The true history of the social contract shows that union leaders *can* – indeed have – been able to influence to wage-bargaining attitudes of their membership, so long as the members believe that some real influence is being exerted on the direction of economic policy.

WORKERS RIGHTS
Jeremy McMullen

The Employment Protection Act is only a beginning

Workers need Unions

Unions have too much power, say commentators in saloon and public bar alike. The justification commonly put forward for this view is based on assumption about the attitude of the law to unions and workers. First, it is widely reported that unions have a vast range of legal privileges unavailable to other organisations or people. They have a legal carte blanche to do things for which you or I could get arrested. Secondly, there is a feeling that although trade unions had an estimable contribution to make in the nineteenth century, they no longer need to be so active or so powerful. With all the new laws around to protect employees from even the minor depredations of their bosses, it is argued, who needs unions? The two comments are, of course, contradictory. If the laws are so much on the side of workers that the unions' role is redundant, there is no need for unions to have extensive legal advantages.

The truth about industrial law, however, is that the need for trade union organisation is today as crucial as it has ever been. It remains so *in spite of*, and not *because of*, the mass of pro-worker legislation.

Superficially the progress in workers' rights is impressive. In the five years since Labour took office at least ten major statutes have been implemented dealing with trade unions and labour relations, health and safety, employment protection, occupational pensions, race and discrimination, equal pay, and industrial strategy. Over 46,000 claims by individual workers are made to industrial tribunals every year. In the first two years of operation, the Advisory Conciliation and Arbitration Service received almost 1100 applications by unions seeking recognition from employers. The new laws have certainly changed the look of British industrial relations, but the extent to which they are biased in favour of unions and employees is grossly exaggerated.

A typical overreaction is the emergence and prosperity of firms offering insurance to employers against successful tribunal claims by their staff. Clearly 'contrary to public policy', it must be the only area of endeavour where you can insure yourself against the consequences of your own deliberate illegal acts.

Yet the impression (of many employers, politicians and the press) that industrial law now holds out a blank cheque for disaffected employees and overweening unions is so strongly held that the Department of Employment recently commissioned research into the impact of the new laws. Using surveys of employers with between 50 and 5,000 workers, the general conclusion of management is that the law has resulted in improved procedures at the workplace, greater training of personnel officers, higher standards of recruitment, and more serious concentration on the industrial relations consequences of business decisions. All of these mean savings of costs, ultimately.

This research is important because shop-floor practice is the main determinant of the value of labour laws. What emerges from the experience of the last five years is that unions do *not* have unassailable privileges and that workers do *not* have an inalienable right to job and income security. This means that the traditional role of unions in representation, negotiation and industrial action is still more relevant than the role of the law.

This is apparent from looking at how major subjects of union activity have fared in a legal climate – for example, recognition, industrial action, dismissal, low pay and saving jobs.

The Employment Protection Act gives ACAS power to recommend union recognition to an employer, following an enquiry. But if the employer is unwilling to play ball, the union is powerless to enforce ACAS's decision. True, it can ask the Central Arbitration Committee to raise wages or improve the contractual conditions of employees in the firm, but negotiating rights are what unions want. Ingenious unions have asked the CAC to order employers to recognise an individual's right to a grievance procedure, or representation by shop stewards. Aghast, the CAC has said tartly:

> What the union's request boils down to, effectively, is a request that the Committee order the company to recognise the union. The Committee cannot do this. Our award, consequently, will make no reference to those parts of the union's claim which are concerned with the issue.

(EETPU v Commodore Business Machines)

This is, of course, a legislative problem, and other similar shortfalls have been found in ACAS's powers. In the Grunwick case, its lack of authority to demand information contributed to the significant defeat of the organised working class at the hands of George Ward and his cohort of freedom-fighters. Its report in another case, involving the Bedford engineering firm W. H. Allen Sons & Company, was overturned because it had considered as paramount its statutory duty to promote the improvement of industrial relations and to avoid strife.

Assessing the impact of recognition laws in the first two years, 1976-1978, *Industrial Relations Review and Report* found that of 1038 applicaitons, ACAS had reported on 93. 63 of these had been in favour of recognition. But in only ten cases had this led to an agreement with the applicant union. It is this kind of experience that prompted Roger Lyons, national officer of ASTMS, to say last week that his union, (number 2 in the league table with 165 applications) would now back industrial action instead, as the primary route to recognition. This is only expressing what traditionalists have always believed in, but it is a major development in the difficult arena of white-collar unionism, and a blow to the gradualist approach of ACAS.

Legal privileges in relation to industrial action have also been eroded by the judges. In 1976 the last vestiges of the Industrial Relations Act were rubbed out, restoring to unions and those involved in industrial action the basic protection they had enjoyed since 1906, but this did not prevent the BBC slapping an injunction on union members who refused to beam the 1977 FA Cup to South Africa, or the *Daily Express* doing the same to NUJ members blacking Press Association copy in the recent dispute. And mass sacking of strikers still cannot be judged by tribunals.

Perhaps the need for unions is best demonstrated by the results of unfair dismissal claims. By providing immediate representation at workplace level in grievances and disputes, shop stewards and full-time officials are able to head off unreasonable sackings. The relatively low level of union representation at tribunals (about 14 per cent of applicants) and the high incidence of cases arising in small firms and in traditionally unorganised sectors of industry like distribution, retailing, and agriculture, indicate that union intervention at work is a substantial benefit to dismissed workers.

Now, if a case does go to a tribunal the success rate is less than one in three. The primary duty of the tribunal if the worker wins is to consider reinstatement, but only 0·5 per cent of *all* applicants get this. If re-employment is not ordered, the tribunal can order compensation of up to £14,800. Yet in 1978 the median figure was £455. Answering a written question, the Minister of State, Harold Walker, admitted in July 1978 that no-one had ever been given a maximum award, and that in 1977 two-thirds of successful applicants were awarded less than £500 – about six times average weekly wages at the time.

Low pay is an area where unions, particularly those in the public sector, continue to be militant, as Monday's strikes showed. They need to be, if only because the law is so hopelessly inadequate. The Equal Pay and Sex Discrimination Acts can be seen as measures designed to raise women's wages, and increase opportunities. Yet women's hourly earnings are on average only 72 per cent of men's. According to the Royal Commission on the Distribution of Income and Wealth, half of all women workers are 'low paid,' that is they earn no more than the lowest earnings decile of men. Only 18 per cent of tribunal

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cases in 1977 were upheld and judges have knocked back many legitimate claims of women workers.

The existence of 41 Wages Councils setting rates for 3.5 million workers also shows dramatically the need for collective bargaining. According to Employment Minister, John Grant, the weekly rate for a 'typical adult grade' in *no* Wages Council order exceeds £42.50, and some go as low as £27.50, a cool £17 below the government's own guidelines for recognised low pay.

Finally, in spite of the existence of clear legal rights, the need for trade union organisation is demonstrated most forcefully in the fight for job security. Employers seeking to make any worker redundant must *consult* a recognised union. Unions already recognised will, of course, go further and *negotiate* or push for more radical action. If redundancy is inevitable, the state maximum of £3,300 (for a person with 20 years service after the age of 40) is customarily exceeded through negotiation, often well into double figures as the British Steel closures show. For short-term lay-offs, the guaranteed fall-back pay in unionised workplaces is far in excess of the £7.25 a day for 20 days a year laid down in the Employment Protection Act.

These problems – recognition, industrial action, dimissal, low pay and jobs – show not only that labour laws are in many significant respects quite deficient, but that the burden on union activists is enormous. More than ever before, they are called on to advance their members' interests far beyond the minimum legal framework, and in many cases due to recalcitrance of employers despite the existence of laws.

The area where the new law has had the most easily measurable beneficial impact is health and safety at work. This is paradoxical for subscribers to the Roben Committee view that

> ... there is a greater natural identity of interest between 'the two sides' in relation to safety and health problems than in most other matters. There is no legitimate scope for bargaining on safety and health issues ...

If there were such a common interest the Health and Safety Executive would not need to issue 15,000 or so notices and prosecutions against employers each year. What the Health and Safety at Work Act does is to give union representatives scope to negotiate over workplace safety, and to back them up with the sanction of enforced loss of production and criminal penalties against recalcitrant employers. Understandably recoiling from the use of severe penalties against unions under the Industrial Relations Act, we perhaps overlooked, in framing the employment protection laws, the value of such attacks on employers.

PROPAGANDA
Anna Coote

How many old age pensioners have been starved to death by the lorry drivers?

Strike havoc probed

THE FOUR AND A HALF MILLION people who read the *Sun* received their first warning of the coming 'crisis' on Saturday, 30 December: Britain would face a 'crippling' strike by 50,000 lorry drivers, if their 20 per cent pay claim was not settled by the following Wednesday. The Road Haulage Association was reported to have said the strike would 'severely damage the nation'.

BRITAIN slid towards a big shutdown last night as the lorry drivers' strike forced factories to close.

Thousands of workers were sent home—and told to stay there until the nation-

By Thursday, 3 January, the story had risen to the top of page 2, where a banner headline proclaimed: 'IRON RATIONS ... Housewives face strike threat ... millions face lay-offs'. Mr Bob Ward, West Midlands Secretary of the RHA, told *Sun* readers: 'The whole thing stinks ... There is a lot of bullying'; a CBI spokesman predicted that the strike could be 'pretty serious'. But there was no mention of the background to the dispute.

Sun readers learned that the 'wildcat' strike had begun to 'bite' on 4 January. According to the RHA, they were told, newsprint, meat and parcels would be affected; a spokesman from the Fruit and Vegetable Bureau warned that supplies were threatened. And with the neatness of a self-fulfilling prophecy, 'Panic in the shops' was reported the following day.

The *Sun* produced its first – and final – piece of hard information about the drivers' pay claim on 6 January: 'The bosses' offer would push up basic rates from £53 to £60. The unions want £64.' On 8 January, as the second week of the strike began, a 'slimline', 16-page *Sun* hailed Thatcher's pledge to 'crackdown on state benefits' for strikers as 'a ray of sunshine to strike-torn, battered Britain'. Still no word from the strikers themselves, nor any attempt to present their side of the story. Commentator Jon Akass went as far as to say that he did not 'fully understand the rights and wrongs of the dispute', but he was not inclined to let a lack of understanding blur his opinions: 'There is no such thing as a trade union movement – only a collection of bickering trade unions ... all of them looking after Number One'. The same Jon Akass has been complaining to colleagues that his brother journalists on the *Daily Star* apparently get company cars and he doesn't. Not counting healthy expenses, for a four day week the typical pay for a *Sun* journalist is £8,200 a year. In their last pay round they received just as a weekly payment for newspapers about £2 less than the £11 basic increase the lorrymen have asked for.

THE SUN SAYS

But the lorry drivers' dispute grows more deadly by the hour and last night the train drivers threatened national action.

And the shock troops of NUPE, under Fuhrer Alan Fisher, are preparing for the massive dirty jobs strike on January 22.

On Thursday, 9 January, the *Sun* announced that the lorry drivers' dispute was growing 'more deadly by the hour' and, just in case that didn't convince its readers that Britain was on 'the brink of a disaster that will make Ted's three day week seem like a golden age', it reported a 'massive dirty jobs strike', which was being prepared by 'the shock troops of NUPE under Fuhrer Alan Fisher'.

At the slimline *Sun* got slimmer, the hysteria mounted: 'Food may go on ration, says a store chief'; the CBI warned '20,000 may be idle'; and Mr Chris Dixon of the Road Haulage Association announced rather plaintively: 'We have no more money available' (10 January). 'FAMINE THREAT ... 1,000 old people may die each day'; and ICI lamented 'Every day is killing us' (12 January).

On Monday of last week as final proof that the sky was falling, the Page Three Girl was actually shifted to page five to make room for news. 'Yes', said the *Sun* by way of explanation, 'it really is a crisis!' By this time the paper was down to 12 pages and the headlines screamed: 'HELPLESS! 3 million face dole queue. Even the beer may run out', while on bereaved page three Sir John Methven delivered the ultimate cliché: '*The pickets are holding the country to ransom*'. On that same Monday (15 January) two pickets were shot and wounded, perhaps by an outraged *Sun* reader. The headline on Tuesday sounded almost triumphant: 'SHOTS FIRED AT PICKETS. Lorry men defy union order to ease the big blockade', and the smaller print explained:

> The incident happened at the village of Pontrilas, near Abergavenny, Gwent, South Wales, as flying pickets defied union orders and escalated the lorry drivers' strike blockade.

The wounded men were neither 'flying', nor 'secondary' pickets; nor were they defying union orders. But the *Sun* seemed to think that the sins of their brothers had been visited justly upon them.

On 17 January *Sun* readers were informed: 'The great British breakfast' is under blockade ... as rebel pickets stop supplies of bacon and eggs.' And then came the first – and only – words from an individual directly involved in the strike: 'If we can't afford food,' said 'militant union official' Bill Astbury, 'why should anybody else have it?'

STRIKING lorry drivers were urged yesterday to "lay off the housewives."

The threat of a food famine would be eased if pickets stopped only Road Haulage Association vehicles, Government officials claimed.

IT WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN SO BAD if *Sun* readers had been able to fill out the picture from other news sources. But the BBC and ITV have been almost equally one-sided in their reporting of the dispute, and the only popular newspaper with pro-Labour pretentions has been scarcely distinguishable from the *Sun*. 'Road haulage bosses meet today', said the *Daily Mirror* on 2 January, 'in an attempt to avert the crippling strike by lorry drivers demanding 25 per cent rises. This could put them on £100 a week.' What efforts the drivers made to avert the strike, *Mirror* readers were unable to discover. Nor did they

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find a word – from one end of the strike to the other – in explanation of the drivers' case. A single favourable comment (and a half-hearted one at that) appeared on Wednesday 17 January, when Bel Mooney remarked in her new column that she didn't think a basic wage of £53 was enough to live on. But 'Mirror Comment' put the official line straight again the next day: 'The pickets have got a stranglehold on our industrial life and they are tightening it every hour. Picketing has become the union's H-bomb.' So much for the paper which claims to speak for working people.

The *Observer*, which might have been expected to put matters into perspective at the end of the week, only added to the melodrama by publishing an ominous-looking photograph of a picket line silhouetted against the setting sun. ('Shadows over the economy', the caption explained.) On 14 January the *Observer*'s 'Daylight' team dwelt at length upon 'the potential for a disastrous slide into industrial chaos'. Their idea of a solution to the problem involved 'the TGWU really pulling the teeth of the strike' and they summed up with a quote from an (unnamed) Minister: 'It's not just an economic collapse, but a political and moral collapse as well'.

THE *MAIL*, *EXPRESS* AND *TELEGRAPH* did no more than could be expected of them. Only the *Guardian* distinguished itself by making a real effort to get to the picket lines, talk to the striking drivers and examine the issues behind the dispute. For example, *Guardian* readers were able to discover how the new EEC regulations – which restrict hours of overtime – were one of the chief causes of militancy; and how the structure of the haulage industry made widespread picketing inevitable if the strike was to be anything other than an empty gesture.

THREE MILLION workers could be out of work by the end of the week.

But then just as the strike was beginning to look as though it might succeed, the *Guardian* turned an alarming somersault. The fact that some firms had agreed to meet the drivers' claims was not welcome victory, but a shameful 'cave-in'. There was no more talk of 'picketing', only 'secondary picketing' – a term which means nothing at all, except that the writer wishes to encourage a disapproving attitude. And on Wednesday 17 January, we witnessed the sad but not altogether unexpected passing of Peter Jenkins through that psychic divide which has come to be known as the Worsthorne Barrier: in a front page commentary he informed *Guardian* readers that the strike was not a strike any more, but an 'important battle . . . at the port and factory gates, where the intimidations which are graced by the name of picketing were still going on yesterday . . .'. The strikers were not drivers with a grievance any more, but 'trade unionist gangs'. Mr Jenkins earns at least £10,000 a year. (As those who went before him have shown, few who pass through the Worsthorne Barrier ever return. What are Jenkins' chances?) The following day, a *Guardian* leader called very solemnly indeed for a state of emergency to be announced forthwith. Clearly it now shared the *Observer*'s view that it was the job of trade union leaders to *control* their members, rather than lead them responsively – and the country would go to the dogs if they weren't forced to do so by the government.

ONE WAY TO DETERMINE more accurately the distance between the nation's knees and the ground during this difficult period, was to consider the stories one had *not* read in the newspapers. There were *no* reports of pickets being arrested for violent behaviour (remember Grunwick?), although there were plenty of unsubstantiated accusations. The *Mail* carried a blood-curdling tale of secondary pickets chasing a non-union driver up the M1, hauling him out of his cab and beating him over the head with pick-axe handles. But Superintendent Owen of Stechford police station, Birmingham, who was in charge of investigating the incident, told the NEW STATESMAN he was 'rather annoyed with the *Daily Mail*': he found no evidence whatever that the four men who attacked the driver had anything to do with the unions involved in the dispute – and he had told the *Mail* so before it published the story. There were *no* reports of anyone going seriously short of food, or of old-age pensioners (or anyone else) dying as a result of the lorry drivers' action.

One could also gather some useful facts from the pages of the *Financial Times*: despite the Sun's horror stories about three million lay-offs, the *FT* reported last Friday that the actual figures were between 125,000 and 150,000. What's more, the *FT* informed us that the pound has remained steady and (a reliable indicator if ever there was one) the upper lip of the City has stayed as stiff as a board.

PROFILE
Stanley Karnow

China's new leader heads for New York next week

Uncle Teng the pragmatist

'I'M A CELEBRITY', Teng Hsiao Ping boasted to Cyrus Vance in August 1977. 'I've twice disappeared and twice returned.' This is the man who is almost single-handedly responsible for the phenomenal change which has overtaken China in the last two years. A featherweight figure in his mid-70s, barely five feet tall, he resembles a wizened old grandfather rather than the leader of the most populous nation on earth. The Chinese refer to him as 'Uncle Teng' ('Teng Peh-peh').

But he is a tough political operator. His authority stems not only from his intelligence and administrative talent, but also from more than a half-century of experience in the Communist movement, during which he forged links with influential party and military comrades. During a recent Communist Party conclave, he managed to elevate several close associates to pivotal positions in the Politbureau, thereby strengthening his hold over China's most important body.

One of the highest compliments ever paid to Teng came inadvertently from Henry Kissinger, following a fractious conversation they had at the United Nations a few years ago: 'He's a nasty little man'. Nastiness in Kissinger's vocabulary means resistance to bullying, and that is another secret of Teng's success. He lacks Mao's charisma or Chou En-lai's charm, but he exudes a kind of Chinese *chutzpah* that has made him popular with a people who, wearied by heady ideological

campaigns, have been longing for a measure of irreverent common sense.

When Mao insisted that farming should conform to his theoretical dictates, Teng scoffed at the notion, contending that 'production is what counts, just as it doesn't matter whether a cat is black or white as long as it catches mice'. And when Mao directed China's educational system to be tailored to fit his doctrines, Teng responded: 'I'd rather have a good scientist without socialist consciousness than a Communist who can't wipe his backside'.

These impieties provoked the wrath of Mao's disciples, especially during the Cultural Revolution, when the Red Guards and other militants were demanding that Teng be 'fried in boiling oil' as a 'counter-revolutionary freak and monster.' But Chou En-lai, who appreciated Teng's abilities, did his best to protect him, and perhaps because of old associations, Mao shielded him against physical mistreatment.

Teng has also endured because, like so many Chinese with a history of disasters behind them, he knows that flexibility is the key to survival. During the Cultural Revolution, he submitted to a humiliating self-criticism session in which he abjectly confessed to his 'sins' so that he could live to fight another day.

He displayed similar dexterity in totally different circumstances as he negotiated with the United States to normalise diplomatic relations. At one stage in late November, when negotiations seemed to be flagging, he sent an encouraging signal to Washington by telling a Japanese visitor to Peking that the deal could be consummated in 'two seconds' if both sides dropped the legal trivia and focused

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on its broader political context. He also agreed indirectly to allow the United States to continue furnishing weapons to Taiwan even though, under the terms of normalisation, the island is recognized as Chinese territory. A few weeks ago, in an apparent effort to sway Congress in favour of President Carter's move, Teng even invited Senator Barry Goldwater to Peking to discuss the issue. 'My views have changed in the past' he said, 'and perhaps Senator Goldwater's will, too.'

TENG'S IRREPRESSIBLE SPIRIT may stem from his origins in the southwestern province of Szachwan, the most populous area of China, whose natives are known for their stubborn streak of independence and for a sense of humour as piquant as the region's celebrated cuisine. Like most Communist Chinese veterans, Teng came from a well-to-do family. He attended high school, a rarity in China at the time. At the age of 16, along with some 200 Chinese students, he went to Paris, where he worked occasionally in a galosh factory and lived in grinding poverty.

The Paris sojourn, which lasted six years, introduced Teng to radical European ideas and brought him into contact with other young Chinese, among them Chou En-Lai, with whom he was to remain intimate. They joined a Chinese Socialist Youth League and later created a Paris branch of the Chinese Communist Party. Teng cranked out the movement's flimsy publication, an assignment that earned him the nickname of 'doctor of mimeographing'.

Back in China in the mid-1920s, Teng briefly served Feng Yu-hsiang, the Christian warlord who baptised his troops with a water hose. He later joined Mao in the Communist stronghold in Kiangsi province. When Chiang Kai-shek's Nationalists cracked that base in 1934, Teng made the legendary Long March of 6,000 miles to the Communist redoubt in Yenan. He functioned as an army political commissar during the war against the Japanese and the civil war against the Nationalists, ending up after the Communist victory as boss of his native southwest China. In the mid-1950s, backed by his political and military comrades, he soared into the national limelight as secretary general of the Communist Party.

UNTIL THEN Teng had been faithful to Mao. But at a party congress in 1956, he delivered a veiled attack against the Chairman. Obviously inspired by Soviet Premier Khruschev's posthumous assault against Stalin, he lambasted the 'personality cult' and warned against the 'deification of the individual', stressing that leaders should stand 'not above the party but within it'. With that, Teng was to establish himself as the supreme organisation man, entrenched at the fulcrum of the Communist Party's extensive apparatus. Three years later, Teng and his party associates again defied Mao as China was recovering from the failure of the Great Leap Forward. In the future, he promised, every family would have a bicycle, a sewing machine and a television set, and women could wear lipstick and high-heeled shoes. Ideological study would also be curbed, he added, since 'you can't talk politics every day'. Teng and his party comrades refrained from denouncing Mao directly, however, but instead paid him lavish homage as they circumvented his principles. Or as Mao later put it: 'They treated me like a dead parent at his own funeral'.

Isolated by the end of 1965, Mao struck back with the Cultural Revolution. The campaign against Teng ranged from allegations of ideological apostasy to charges that he squandered public funds on gourmet dinners. One particularly vitriolic broadside asserted that he was so addicted to bridge that, during rural tours, he would send special aeroplanes to Peking for his card-playing cronies. Driven through the streets of Peking with a dunce cap over his ears, Teng was later degraded to serving meals in a provincial mess hall. Then, at a Peking banquet for exiled Cambodian Prince Norodom Sihanouk in early 1973, he suddenly reappeared, being led into the hall by Mao's niece. I knew that Teng had really been rehabilitated when, spotting him at a Peking reception at the time, I facetiously proposed to my guide that I might invite him to play bridge with me that evening. She got the message immediately and replied: 'Why not? There's nothing wrong with playing bridge. I play myself.'

TENG'S COMEBACK had been engineered by Chou En-lai, who needed his administrative skills to put China together again after the Cultural Revolution. Then dying of cancer, Chou also wanted Teng to fill his shoes. From all accounts, Mao acquiesced unenthusiastically.

As he regained his self-confidence, Teng revived his pragmatic line. Warned by his adversaries that he was headed for trouble, Teng shouted 'I'm not afraid of being overthrown a second time'. The second time came in April 1976, three months after Chou's death left him vulnerable. A Peking ceremony to commemorate Chou turned into a riot in Teng's favour, and he was blamed for instigating the fracas. Mao urged the Politbureau to dismiss him from all its posts, but the vote was so close that Teng was allowed to keep his party membership 'to see how he will behave in the future'. A few weeks later, a decrepit Mao appointed Hua Kuo-feng as his successor. Teng retired to a south China resort, and the events that followed unfolded with the complexity and melodrama of a Peking opera.

After Mao's death and the arrest of the 'gang of four' Hua produced a hitherto secret note to himself from Mao that cryptically read: 'With you in charge, I'm at ease'. But Teng's friends objected, and after much haggling, the Politbureau finally reached a compromise in July 1977. Hua's promotion would be ratified in exchange for Teng's rehabilitation. Since then, Teng has gradually reinforced his power. His visit to the US next week will naturally bolster his prestige.

The Press

Duke Hussey's Arithmetic

Patrick Wintour writes: The following information is coming out in the first issue of the *Sunday Times* journalists' lock-out broadsheet. Times Newspapers lost between £3m. and £3.5m. in December, the first month of suspension of publication by the management. This more than wiped out the profit of £2.9m. the company made in the previous 11 months. If the management had not suspended publication the company would have made a profit of over £3.5m. in 1978; for in October and November the profitability of *The Times*, the *Sunday Times* and the three supplements was running at over £700,000 a month. Including the profits forfeited by closure, the total losses from 30 November to date are probably well in excess of £5m. Even if publication were to be resumed immediately, it would take up to two years just to recoup what has already been lost.

By mid-March when all those who have been sacked have left, losses could be in the order of £8m. to £10m. But there will still be just over a thousand on the payroll – those who have signed agreements and management – and there will be rent and other overheads to pay. The cost of these will be £250,000 a week. So six months of suspension could cost Times Newspapers £12m.; a year nearly £20m.

Awash with North Sea oil profits and eligible for tax relief, International Thomson will be able to withstand such losses. Nonetheless how does Times management justify throwing away over £3.5m. of profit – the best result since *The Times* and the *Sunday Times* came together under Lord Thomson in 1966?

Mainly by calculating they can get bigger profits. The £2.9m. made in the eleven months of 1978 represents a return of 4.5 per cent on the company's sales of nearly £65m. But the management want to increase the return nearer to 10 per cent which the *Sunday Times* achieved in its best year of 1973. The management argue that they lost nearly £2.9m. profit last year through disputes and, if that is added to the profit actually achieved, then the return on turnover of Times Newspapers could have been about 9 per cent, a rate of return of 60 per cent on the £10m. capital employed. So Times management are prepared to invest four years' worth of their present level of profits to get rid of disputes. In the same process they intend also to unload a lot of their workforce in order to make still bigger profits. If they can rid themselves of 25 per cent of the workforce and introduce new technology they will make a saving on labour costs of about £6m. a year. Substantial redundancy payments would have to be paid and those who remained would be given higher pay, but add the £6m. saving on labour to the present annual level of profit of £3.5m. and add that to the £2.9m. extra profit that would be made by virtue of being dispute free and it is apparent why Times Newspapers have risked so much. It pays.

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EDUCATION
Rick Rogers

If your local school is threatened with closure . . .

How to fight the LEA

THE EMPTY EIGHTIES will see a radical alteration in this country's educational provision. So far, education consumers have been excluded from the process of deciding how schools should be reorganised to cope with falling numbers. Here, then, is a flexible blueprint for making sure you are consulted and for campaigning (if necessary) to keep your local school open.

Preliminary work

Even before you learn that your school is under discussion, start going to education committee meetings. Compile a checklist of the attitudes of local councillors. Alert the press. Prime councillors about the issues of falling rolls and school closures. Talk with other parents, school governors, teachers. Create concern, not panic.

Be sure of your feelings about the school. Many people, understandably, feel very attached to their local school – but an emotional response is not the best basis for a campaign. You *may* decide that your children would be better off in another school after all; or that the school they are at now needs to be improved, not just kept open in its present state.

If your school is under discussion

Find out from the local education offices what consultation procedure is to be followed by the education committee. Section 13(4) of the 1944 Education Act says there must be a 'proper procedure' and this is emphasised by DES Circular 7/78. If you think the procedure is inadequate and fails to give you a fair hearing, lobby the LEA and local councillors to change it. Try not to wait until the LEA comes to you for discussions. *Don't* wait until Section 13 notices are issued, officially proposing the closure – or you will have lost before you start.

Form an Action Committee. Include on the committee, or contact for future reference, a solicitor, an architect, a good statistician and a good publicity person.

Assemble a campaign library or relevant books, reports, articles, pamphlets and cuttings from the local press. Many councillors know little about education, so this could put you at a considerable advantage.

Get to know your LEA

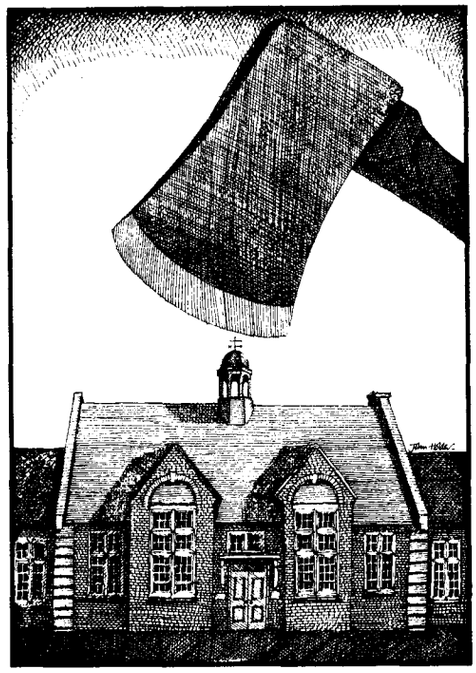
Check names and positions of education officers and specialists (e.g. the primary adviser). Find out from local political party headquarters which councillors are on the Education Committee and which sub-committees they sit on.

Compare your LEA with others by consulting *Financial Statistics*, published annually by the Chartered Institute of Public Finance and Accountancy: this gives details of school provisions, costs, pupil/teacher ratios, etc.

Try to keep the initiative: arrange to see the Chief Education Officer to discuss the issue 'informally', or hold a public meeting and invite the CEO to attend and discuss future plans. Ask why closure is proposed: is it for financial or educational reasons? Ask for figures and statistics to back up the LEA proposal, and for any policy document which has been produced on small schools, rural schools or the problem of falling rolls. Don't accept LEA information at face value: it has been produced to 'prove' the LEA's own case and may be misleading or inaccurate.

While parents, governors and teachers may agree with the aims of the campaign, they may differ over details (eg. teachers' first concern may be about their own career prospects). Make sure all interested groups know what you are up to and vice versa. It is best if all are in one campaign group, but at least try to maintain a united front. Hammer out differences behind closed doors, not in front of the LEA, who may try to split or discredit your campaign.

Make sure local politicians, sitting MPs and parliamentary candidates know that there are votes in supporting your campaign.



Getting the campaign going

One group of campaigners should act as publicity seekers to embarrass the LEA, build up a campaign fund and hold events to bring in publicity and cash. Picket relevant council meetings with banners, leaflets, posters, badges. Hold marches and take the children: notify the press and police in advance.

Putting your case

Produce a report which explains, concisely and accurately, why your school should not be closed. Some LEAs have produced detailed guidelines on what should be considered when deciding on a closure. Get hold of any such document and use it.

The report should be simply but well designed and well printed within the limit of your budget – you *want* people to read it thoroughly and take it seriously. Issue a press release and consider holding a press conference at the school on the day the report is published.

Gathering evidence

Always assume the LEA has got its figures wrong. Do your own research. It's hard work but don't be daunted. Many campaign groups have proved the LEA wrong. Use inside informants in council offices – every organisation has a 'deep throat' now.

Calculate the cost of bussing children to and from the new school(s). Find out what the LEA intends to do with your school building. Is the building currently used by the community, eg. by a playgroup or for other local meetings? Estimate the cost to the community (financial and social) of the facility.

Calculate relative costs of the new school. Your children will still need books and equipment. There is unlikely to be any saving in teaching staff in the short or even in the medium term. Redundancies cost money. If there is a commitment to reducing pupil/staff ratio in future, this will also reduce the possibility of saving on staff salaries.

Ask for the names of the alternative schools proposed for your children. Arrange with each head teacher for a small group of parents to visit. Note any advantages (e.g. better facilities, equipment, broader curriculum); badger the LEA to explain why it has disadvantaged the old school by not providing similar facilities or equipment. Note any disadvantages of the alternative school.

Estimate what developments are needed in the alternative school to cater for the children from your school – more classrooms, more staff (teaching and ancillary). Try to get a detailed breakdown of the savings that the LEA claims to be making by closing down your school. Some LEAs maintain that they cannot provide one: go on the attack and produce a breakdown of the extra costs and press the LEA to challenge your figures.

Do your own projection of the number of children likely to enter primary schools in your area. LEA projections are unreliable. Conduct a house-to-house survey for numbers of pre-school children, pregnant mothers, newly married couples. Estimate the housing potential for young people already in the community and for others who may move there. It is more difficult to challenge the LEA projections for secondary schools, since the children are already there. But have they accounted for new housing developments, or (where appropriate) for the government's policy of attracting people back to inner cities?

Appealing to the DES

If the local authority agrees to the closure, it must send its proposal to the Secretary of State for approval. You can send in your own evidence and meet the Secretary of State to put your case personally. Try to include in the delegation such people as your MP (if sympathetic), an educationalist, a legal expert, an articulate and committed parent and someone who knows how the DES and appeals such as these operate. Decide beforehand who is best suited to answer each kind of question that is likely to arise.

A more detailed version of this blueprint appears in *Schools under Threat: a Handbook on Closures* published this month by the Advisory Centre for Education, 18 Victoria Park Square, London E2, price £1.50.

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Delhi Diary

☐ 'Do you believe in God, Mr Jones?' asked the Prime Minister. I mumbled something; the question isn't a usual part of the political reporter's round. 'Ah well, I shall not argue with you,' said Mr Morarji Desai equably. 'It is not a question of argument, but of faith.' He went on to explain that everything in life is ordained. 'If an assassin kills me, I cannot complain. He is only an instrument.' Maybe this explains why, although my wife was carrying a huge camera-bag, we went through no security procedures before the interview. 'And I cannot blame Mrs Gandhi for putting me in prison,' Mr Desai continued. 'She also is only an instrument. Indeed, I have thanked her. I am sure that I received some benefit.'

The Principal Information Officer, when I requested the interview, had asked me rather apprehensively whether I wanted to put questions about urine-drinking. It wasn't, I discovered, that Mr Desai regards such questions as an intrusion; on the contrary, he loves to hold forth on this recipe for health and longevity. After much trouble, the PIO recently got 20 minutes of peak time on American television for a Desai interview, only to find that seven of the precious minutes went on the urine philosophy. My own feeling is that readers by now are pissed off with the subject.

☐ In India, all the scandals have to do with the sons of prominent politicians. Sanjay Gandhi, of course, we know about. Kanti Desai, the Prime Minister's son, is suspected of a wide range of corrupt dealings, and the demand for a special inquiry commission is a central political issue. The son of another Janata high-up, Devi Lal, is said to have been involved in smuggling watches from Hongkong. Latest on the list is Suresh Kumar, son of Defence Minister Jagjivan Ram. A weekly edited by Mrs Gandhi's daughter-in-law has published photographs of Suresh Kumar and a young lady called Sushma, engaged in what can't possibly be an intellectual discussion. The pictures clearly weren't taken by a Peeping Tom, but by the couple themselves with a delayed-action Polaroid. As printed in the paper, the sensitive anatomical areas are obscured by overlapping or by captions. I seem to be the only journalist in town who hasn't seen the photos themselves, but I got here a bit late. A friend says that he was going to buy a set from a street-peddler in Bhagat Singh market, but couldn't push his way through the crowd. It's alleged that the delectable Sushma isn't just an enthusiast for the liberated life, but a plant employed by a middleman in the arms trade. The father of the embarrassed man is Defence Minister, remember. By coincidence or otherwise, a big purchase which had been hanging fire for months was clinched soon after the photos appeared.

☐ By good fortune, we were here in time for the procession which marks the birthday of Guru Govind Singh, the holy man who laid down that Sikhs must always carry swords and never cut their hair. It was headed by four elephants, each with an immensely dignified Sikh relaxing in the howdah. One of them, with a beard at least two feet long, gallantly flung Jeanne a garland. Then came a score of warriors on white horses, dressed in chain-mail and armed with a variety of swords, daggers, lances, battle-axes, longbows and antique rifles. The effect was slightly marred by one warrior carrying a plastic bag on which you could read: 'VIP best quality *pan*.' (*Pan* is that stuff Indians like to chew.) All alone, following the Warriors, came a legless man on the kind of low trolley favoured by beggars, but converted into a palanquin adorned with garlands and flags. The rest of the parade consisted mainly of drum and pipe bands contributed by Sikhs and Sikhlets from various schools. Now that their martial traditions have been merged into political militancy, the Sikhs always have one demand or another. Having won their own state, West Punjab, they next secured the new town of Chandigarh as its capital, although the population thereabouts was mostly non-Sikh. A slogan I saw chalked on a wall read: 'Vatican status for Kankana' – a Sikh holy place now in Pakistan territory. Here's one demand, I imagine, that won't be achieved too easily.

☐ The influence of the Hindu-chauvinist element in the Janata party is having some regrettable effects in the educational sphere. The standard history texts, written from a liberal-secularist angle and teaching that each historical period made its contribution to Indian culture, have been scrapped. The books now introduced into the schools inculcate the idea of an Aryan (Hindu) golden age, with the Moslems in the role of barbarian marauders who came along and wrecked everything. It hardly needs saying that this is wildly unhistorical, but it's the pseudo-intellectual underpinning of a certain type of propaganda designed to make Moslems into 'alien elements' and second-class citizens. (Actually, since Bangladesh separated from Pakistan, India is almost the world's biggest Moslem country, taking second place only to Indonesia.) So we have the curious position that Romilla Thapar's well-established *History of India* (published by Penguin) is the recognised text in British universities but not in Indian schools.

☐ Trying to order a beer at the Gymkhana Club – a palatial relic of the Raj, and still regarded as the best club in New Delhi – I was met by the waiter with a 'where have you been?' look. A few months ago, the club had its liquor licence withdrawn. Mr Desai's temperance policy is beginning to bite – he aims at nation-wide prohibition by 1981 – and the position in the capital, with one licence after another cancelled, is that it's practically impossible to drink except in private or in a few international hotels. Some clubs are bringing suits for injury to trade, but in India it can take a long time for a case to come into court. Hardest hit is the Press Club, which is virtually deserted; indeed, it's virtually impossible to imagine an orange-juice press club. The Gymkhana Club has reacted with a drive for new members, especially families. If you have children and live in a small flat, the club's spacious lawn is a big attraction. Nosing round the building, I noticed a new sign on one of the doors. 'Kiddies' corner,' it said. That ought to make Lord Curzon turn in his grave.

☐ On our way to the main river bridge in a taxi, we were forbidden by agitated police to make a right turn. We caught a glimpse of a stationary bus surrounded by a crowd – an accident, presumably. In fact it was the incident that put Harbinder Singh into the headlines. This Delhi Corporation bus-driver, one gathered, had detained a pickpocket; handed over to the police, the miscreant had been released, a sign of sinister complicity; he'd then sought out the virtuous driver and stabbed him. Later research showed that none of this had actually happened – in an argument over fares, a passenger had struck Harbinder Singh with a metal bangle, making his forehead bleed slightly. But long before this was established, half the bus crews in Delhi had started a lightning strike and paralysed the city by the effective strategy of parking their buses at roundabouts and walking away. They also besieged a transport superintendent in his office, marched on a police station, and rallied a crowd which was ultimately dispersed with tear-gas. The strike, though incomplete, lasted for 48 hours. Even when things are going normally Delhi has easily the worst public transport system in India. At rush-hour, there are so many people clinging to the outside of a bus that you can hardly see the body-work; it's a miracle how they hang on, but I've never seen anybody fall off. Since taxis are cheap and scooter-taxis even cheaper, most middle-class citizens have never been on a Delhi bus in their lives. Nor, I confess, have I.

☐ It's still possible in the heart of the capital for traffic to be held up by a bullock-cart, a herd of buffaloes, or – as I saw yesterday – a runaway horse. The traffic, though increasing year by year, hasn't yet reached the density that would make discipline essential, so motorists drive more or less as they did in Paris in the 1930s. It's a matter of daring adventure, split-second timing, and incessant use of the horn. In some areas, for instance near schools and hospitals, you see 'no hooting' signs, but little notice is taken. To the question, 'Do they drive on the left in India?', the best answer would be: 'More often than not.' But evasive action is skilful and most cars are too ancient to go fast, so you don't see many accidents – just as well, because safety-belts are unknown. Since Indians are constantly getting out of their cars to make emergency repairs, argue with policemen or shake hands with friends, you feel that a safety-belt campaign would have little success.

Mervyn Jones

This England

Prizes: £3 book token for first entry, £2 tokens for others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

☐ Merger between the British and European Geranium Society and British Pelargonium and Geranium Society is off. Proposed further two-year period of cooperation was considered 'pointless' by BEGS, which withdrew its hand 'until BPGS came along with some concrete proposals.' The BPGS council has decided to take no further action. – *Popular Gardening* (M. J. Piggott)

☐ I am due to have a child towards the end of March. If it is overdue, is there any point in having it induced before the end of the tax year? – Letter in *The Observer* (Mrs F. Donovan)

☐ To protest about children in church was old-fashioned secularism. 'It is a great joy to see the children dancing – even doing cartwheels – and clearly enjoying modern forms of worship,' he said. – *Luton Evening Post* (Tim Hopkins)

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LETTERS to the EDITOR

Return of the pink panther

Sir, As the chairman whose eye Shirley Williams failed to catch at the Godolphin and Latymer School parents' meeting (NS 19 January), may I apologise but say that while she may have raised a hand to question she did not, to my knowledge, lift a finger to help in our dilemma.

The main meetings of the Godolphin and Latymer Union of Parents (GALUP) were often attended by 1,000 mothers and fathers. After one, held in the vast conference hall of the Cunard International Hotel at Hammersmith, I was told that Mrs Williams had indeed tried to ask a question but she was sitting far back in a hall where, from the platform, all that could be seen was a forest of urgently waving palms. This need not, however, have prevented her from making her views known or, more important, offering her expertise.

Through GALUP, all parents were circulated regularly with newsletters and the first, on 20 June 1974, asked for help with a working party 'to explore positive ways in which the school could be kept within the state system without destroying its present character'. Among the parents who did help were comprehensive schoolteachers, educationalists, sociologists and at least one member of CASE. Although one father produced a massive study of comprehensive schools throughout the world and others gave a great deal of time and conscientious effort, they were still unable to find a way for Godolphin within the stringent limits of time, cash and resources offered by the ILEA. With Mrs Williams's help we might have succeeded.

SALLY HOLLOWAY

95 Lonsdale Road
London SW13

The biter bit

Sir, I suspect that whoever selects paragraphs for the pillory of 'This English' sometimes does so by rule of thumb, without thinking seriously about what he is doing: his first two victims on 5 January do not deserve the treatment.

Granted that the adjective 'distasteful' is usually applied to the object of distaste, the active personal use still has a long and respectable ancestry (*v. Timon of Athens* II ii, 'distasteful looks'), and it would be difficult to use the adverb in any other way. If the writer of 'Londoner's Diary' had been using it subjectively of his own distaste (cf. the voguish 'thankfully', 'hopefully'), the usage would certainly have been illiterate: referring objectively, as it does, to distaste felt by the official who 'wouldn't have anything like that', it is accurate, concise and expressive.

'An unpleasant occurrence' is a legitimate meaning of 'unpleasantry' (*v. Chambers* and *OED*), and the Bishop of Southwark's 'unexpected unpleasantries' has for me an ironic ambiguity ('A miserable New Year to the lot of you!') that would be wholly absent from the conventional, ugly and clumsy 'unpleasantnesses'. In fact, the bishop has a more sensitive ear for language than his sciolist critic either credits him with or himself possesses.

JAMES R. LITTLE

190 Ferry Road
Edinburgh

Bradford's experiment

Sir, I wish I could approve of David Hencke's book, *Colleges in Crisis*, as whole-heartedly as your reviewer, Alan Brownjohn (NS 5 January). There is much in the book deserving of commendation and Alan Brownjohn neatly sums it up by saying that 'The changes in the (education) system have not been directed at improving the quality of teacher education and its relevance to the hard realities of the classroom'. It is unfortunate, therefore, that Hencke should have chosen Bradford College for one of his case histories and made the large and glowing claims for it that he does.

I suspect that I, who have been teaching at Bradford since 1965, know more about the place and what has gone on since the mergers than a reporter who has spent a few days here and been provided with selected people to talk to and documentation describing what a marvellous place Bradford College is. Indeed, a good deal of what Hencke has written is a mish-mash culled from the writings of Eric Robinson, the Principal of the college. I could point, if required, to chapter and verse, but let me just note here the reference to the 'resentment and distress among senior staff' which comes straight from Robinson's paper on 'The Enfield Experiment'.

Hencke would have us believe, unless I misread him, that Bradford, 'the first comprehensive college,' has the answer to the chaos and confusion of the present scene in Further and Higher Education, but this will fool nobody who knows Eric Robinson and the sort of institution he has created at Bradford. I could take up many of the points that Hencke makes, but realise that there is not sufficient space in a letter of this kind. I must, however, make two critical observations. First, how on earth can democracy be 'imposed' from above? The so-called democracy at Bradford College is, in fact, paternalism. The Principal 'advises' the Academic Board and the Board duly rubber stamps his advice. Seocndly, Hencke's claims about the development of Higher Education in Bradford are ridiculously wide of the mark if a recent report by the Head of the college's School of Education to his School's Advisory Committe is to be believed.

Hencke's case history of Bradford College is a disturbing example of a public relations exercise on behalf of Eric Robinson. If the other case histories are, likewise, as inaccurate and as inadequately researched, what is one to make of the rest of the book?

JOHN BOYLES
Senior Lecturer in English and Gernal Studies

Bradford College
Great Horton Road
Bradford

Labour and the bomb

Sir, In his important article on the new bomb (NS 12 January) Robin Cook deals with the Government's commitment in its 1974 manifesto not to move towards a new generation of nuclear weapons, and points out that there are several indications that the Ministry of Defence is considering precisely such a step.

Confirmation of this is provided by Chapman Pincher in his recently published book, *Inside Story*. As the author has very close contacts with Ministry of Defence officials and with officers of the armed forces, his statement on page 306 of the book must be treated seriously. It reads:

> Labour continues to insist in Parliament that it has no intention of providing a successor to Polaris when the missiles and the submarines become unusable due to age, probably in the 1980s. I have sound reason for believing otherwise. Plans for keeping an independent British deterrent going until the end of the century are far advanced inside the Defence Ministry and the planners are confident that, barring a Labour government really dominated by its left wing, they will be put into effect.
>
> It is hard to escape the conclusion that the Labour and Tory leaderships have had an understanding for several years that the deterrent should be treated as a non-party issue, though this is likely to be denied for party-political reasons. It is certain that at the time of writing a technical decision has been taken during the life of a Labour government to replace the four existing Polaris submarines with new submarines carrying much improved Polaris-type missiles. On cost grounds these are likely to be designed and manufactured in Britain, using much of the Polaris technology but with novel refinements both to the missile and its warhead.

Apart from the plan referred to by Chapman Pincher there is another proposal: that Britain should proceed with the Cruise missile.

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Either plan would make Britain an immediate and vulnerable target for reprisal if war started by design or accident. The Labour Party's commitment should be repeated in the forthcoming election manifesto and adhered to in the letter and the spirit.

That such a step is possible and practicable is shown by the example of Canada. Last summer Mr Trudeau announced at the UN disarmament conference in New York that his government would forthwith divest itself of all nuclear weapons in its airforce in both the American and European continents. Canada, a strategically important country, went ahead – and the heavens did not fall.

FRANK ALLAUN

House of Commons
London SW1

I write what I like

Sir, I am sorry that my review of Fr Stubbs' book on Biko should have displeased Wendy Woods (NS 5 January), for whom I have an entire and unstinted admiration. The passages of Donald Woods's book on Biko which most impressed me were those which dealt with her response to Biko. Where her husband was laboriously appreciative she seems to have been instinctively sensitive.

Mrs Woods seems to misunderstand the purpose of my review. She suggests I 'have no cohesive line of thought' (surely she means 'coherent'?) and demands to know my views on a long series of questions: do I approve or disapprove of Biko's sex-life, of his contacts with Whites, of the source of his finances, etc. It was not my purpose to treat your readers to my purely personal statements of moral view on these points. The notion that I should be obliged to approve or disapprove of Biko's sexual habits seems to me frankly absurd, even grotesque. Who am I to sit in judgment on his private life? To quite a few of her questions I would have to reply with equal agnosticism. There is no emotionally 'correct' party line to which I would wish to adhere.

The point my review was intended to bring out was that Biko was a real human being, not a carboard cut-out hero for use only on anti-apartheid platforms. Like all real human beings his life was inflected with shades of ambivalence and contradiction. So too was the movement he helped inspire. It is no injustice to him or to it to bring out these shades, indeed it is essential if one is to attempt a rounded judgement. Fr Stubbs' book seemed valuable to me precisely because it provided material for such a judgment in a way that Donald Woods's book, perfectly understandably, did not.

The point of the American comparison was simply to suggest that the black power/consciousness phase of these movements was only a phase. My own appreciation, formed in South Africa last September, was that the black consciousness movement had greatly waned or, at least, was dividing into a series of new forms. Should this happen it will not prove that Biko was 'wrong'. It will simply mean that history is always moving on.

R. W. JOHNSON

Magdalen College
Oxford

Marx without whiskers

Sir, I noted with interest the responses by Solomon Goldstein and David Yaffe to Ian Steedman's article exposing the inadequacies in the labour theory of value (NS 5 January).

Goldstein's remarks about rent are really irrelevant. Both Marx and Sraffa deal primarily with the central relation of the capitalist mode of production – between capital and labour. Land rent and other forms of income are brought in at a secondary state of the analysis, *after* the discussion of the capital-labour relation. Marx brings in land rent in Volume Three of *Capital* afther the theory of 'prices of production' is established. Goldstein does not seem to be aware that Sraffa, likewise, has a chapter on rent near the end of his book. The logical problems in the labour theory of value do not disappear after rent is introduced, and I'm afraid that it is Goldstein, not Steedman, who is 'up the pole' on this issue.

Yaffe manages to get a free advertisement for the venomous journal *Revoluntionary Communist*. I too would recommend that the readers of NEW STATESMAN refer to the articles he mentions. They will find that the 'revolutionary communists' have found not one logical flaw in the arguments of Steedman, myself, and other 'Sraffians' in the debate of 1973-6 to which he refers.

The NEW STATESMAN is to be congratulared in bringing an important theoretical issue to the attention of a wider public. For too long the established Left has paid insufficient attention to socialist theory, leaving it to the ravages of Fundamentalist Marxism. The NEW STATESMAN can play an important role in bringing theory to the Labour Party membership and elsewhere.

GEOFF HODGSON

137 Atwood Road
Didsbury
Manchester

Sir, The part of my letter you printed (NS 12 January) contained a number of printing errors. The references to the *Bulletin of the Conference of Socialist Economists* were, for my article, Autumn 1973 p42-46 and for Ian Steedman's *ibid* p41. The article 'Once Again on Productive and Unproductive Labour' appeared in *Revolutionary Communist* 3/4 Nov. 1975 esp. p60-63.

DAVID YAFFE

Revolutionary Communist
49 Railton Road
London SE24

Dürfian slips

Sir, It is a pleasure to at last see Ludwig Dürf given some recognition – slight as is Robert Conquest's mostly misleading and indeed almost spurious piece about him (NS 22 & 29 December) I must straightaway reveal my own vested interest in Dürf. I am his natural son – hence my assumption of the name Dürf – and am at the moment attempting to compile a comprehensive selection of his papaers and letters for publication.

As for Conquest's rather patronising reference to the 'obscure' *Acta Linguistica Cracoviensia*, I would like to point out that this publication could only be considered obscure by a layman in psychology and philosophy. It is a pity that Conquest did not bother to pursue both earlier and later volumes of the *Cracoviensia* for, had he done so, he would certainly have realised the full implications of my father's argument. It was not, as Conquest erroneously states, that 'overt sexual imagery' might represent a 'repressed wish to be an airman'. Not at all. Rather, it was my father's quite rigid and I feel very real wish to be not an airman but God. I know that C. G. Jung, in his *Letters to Ludwig Dürf, 1916 to 1921*, published privately by Naples Press in 1924, takes my father to task for this and suggests in the most courteous but cruellest possible way that advancing senility could be the casue of my father's obsession with sex and God.

But Jung himself belatedly recognised his debt to my father. Witness Jung's letter to his wife, Emma, from Sousse, North Africa on 15 March 1920: 'In the morning the great God rises and fills both horizons with his joy and power, and all living things obey him. At night the moon is so silvery and glows with such divine clarity that no-one can doubt the existence of Astarte . . .' This was written at the very time of Jung and my father's most intense period of communications, and it leaves no doubt at all of Jung's already absolute adherence to the link between sex (Astarte) and his great God (himself). I don't think that I need quote Freud's own oft-repeated remark about Jung's 'Dürfian slip' showing. The debt of not only Jung but also Freud to my father is one long since acknowledged by them but left unrecongised within psychological circles. I am glad at last to see a chink of more universal light penetrating the dark walls of professional jealousy which for so long have encased the memory of my father.

I am, incidentally, seeking access to letters written by my father to a Miss Elsie Carter, sometime chamber maid at Brown's Hotel, London, and later a resident of Majorca.

Son Tiô J. D. CARTER-DÜRF
S'Arraco, Majorca

Here he is

Ludwig Dürf always avoided publicity, but the NS last week obtained this rare picture, thought to be the only surviving photograph of the great psychologist, taken at a funeral in St Buryan, Cornwall, in October 1919.

Feeding time

Sir, With cannibalism on the increase, especially in the rural areas, Arthur Marshall's recipe for brawn (NS 12 January) was useful. But (v. *The Lancet*) the dish should not be served in girls' schools or to females anywhere as the kuru-kuru sickness is transmitted through the female. But it is ideally nutritious and economical for growing boys. The torsos are best steamed.

GEORGE MOOR

7 Branch Road
Burnley
Lancashire

Sir, Arthur Marshall's brawn is a puny thing. The serving seaman of 60-odd years ago fared rather better. An appetite worked up polishing a poop or hitching a clove would be sated come dinner-time when, hard on the heels, so to speak, of the Sheep's Head Broth ('wash the head nicely; cut some of the flesh and brains into small dice-shaped pieces'), and preceding the Patriotic Pudding (alas, mere steamed sponge with syrup), the ship's cook would enter bearing a little confection created from 30 lbs pigs' heads, 2 lbs bacon (hock), 1 oz pimento, 20 cloves, 3 onions, 3 sheets gelatine, 6 lbs beef, 6 qts water, salt and pepper, the whole having taken some 36 hours to reach its peak of perfection.

This recipe, together with other culinary tips like 'Breadmaking in the tropics' ('to 215 lbs of flour add 6 pints yeast, 20 gallons of water and 3¾ lbs salt') and 'Field cooking for landing parties' ('Dig a trench in line with the prevailing wind; detail party to collect wood and water'), is taken from the 1921 *Manual of Naval Cookery*, published by His Majesty's Stationery Office, price 1s. Less lavishly illustrated (one sad-eyed lamb sectioned off to show 'Mutton, mode of cutting up') than David and Richard Mabey's survey, but no less interesting perhaps to the gastronomic (or naval) historian.

ANNE NETHERCOTT

130 Lichfield Court
Sheen Road, Richmond

Be not afeard

Sir, I fear that Gavin Ewart's 'sentimental' recollections of the Isle of Mull (NS 12 January) are out of date as well as being pretty uncomplimentary. MacBrayne's buses have not been seen for many years, and their successors Highland omnibuses have also been replaced. The only thing that the three companies have in common is their policy on fares. Mr Ewart's impression of an island covered in litter should not be taken seriously, and I wonder if he strayed more than ten yards from the car. Any readers who were considering cancelling their holidays should ignore his sneers; there is nothing to fear except the weather.

CHARLES NORMAND

University of Stirling

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FIRST PERSON
Arthur Marshall

Inconveniences

Despite my sunny nature, a facet of my character that must for some time now have been joyously apparent to readers (I like to think that it offsets the other facets that I possess, and which have been equally apparent, such as self-satisfaction, tediousness, virtual illiteracy, a deep interest in nothing but the trivia of life and the appalling complacency that only a solidly middle-class background and a tip-top digestive system can produce), I have to confess that even I find from time to time that all is not perfect here below and you will, in your kind way, be as disturbed as I when I inform you that of the six lavatories which I own, only one of them can be relied upon to function perfectly on all occasions, however taxing its load. Let me at once explain that by 'lavatory' I do not only mean the word that represents a small chamber where it is possible to wash things such as hands. Interpret it, if you will, more widely and in the sense of a watery retiring place fitted out with assorted paper and, in some cases, books, and where one can, firmly bolted in, either remain standing or sit down and rest awhile, according to sex or bodily requirements. These quiet times allow the philosophers among us to muse on life. For example, has the Prime Minister, beaming so bouncily upon us, increased his weight while in office? And if so, ought he not perhaps to have lost a pound or two through worry on our behalf?

By now you may indeed be wondering, wide-eyed, how a dusty old bachelor such as I can possibly need such aquatic profusion and so let me hastily explain and give you precise details of the siting of these handy contraptions (and do spare a grateful thought across the centuries for Sir John Harington, mysteriously omitted from the list of Prominent People in Pears Cyclopaedia, who around 1597 dreamt up these amenities, and what could be more prominent than that?). Beneath the extensive roof of 'Myrtlebank' there lurk four of my six, two up, two down. One of them, the perfect functioner too, is to be found in the guests' quarters, and one of them is set aside for the sole use of the Welsh octogenarian dumpling who occupies, in a fully separate range of rooms, one end of the spacious building. Two of them are, therefore, mine and I can ring the changes, gracing now this, now that. The final two lavatories exist and play a very full part in the internal life of a small establishment that I had constructed in my orchard some years ago. It commands a stupendous view over the beautiful Teign valley and it houses a family treasure of the two-legged kind, now living in retirement and of whose kindnesses and ministrations I have, for the last forty-eight years, been the happy recipient.

Nowadays, of course, no girl would dream of going into 'service' (the very word is an insult) but in the late twenties it wasn't always too bad an alternative to underpaid factory work, despite spirited Mrs Margaret Powell's loquacious strictures, and it at least provided comforts that were then not always very readily obtainable by all – a roof, clothes, warmth, food and, provided that the rules were kept, security. And if your luck was in and you were the right kind of person, friendship and love came along too in due course. Inequalities largely disappeared and a mutually happy relationship (oh yes it was) could be formed, of a sort that is quite unthinkable today. Perhaps those splendid *au pair* girls (they seem usually to be tremendously beefy and to be called Helga) provide some manner of substitute ('See, I am quite being one of the family').

But to my lavatories where my trouble is currently an excess of water (I refer here to the kind available from taps). Apparatuses that appear to be known as ball-cocks stick and a flood is for ever pouring down the cisterns' emergency exits, creating the 'nuisance value' that alerts the household to the fact that all is not well in this vital section of the establishment. And not only the household. One of my nuisance values, and the most prolific of the lot, empties itself, without any sort of warning in the shape of a preliminary drip or two, straight onto the head of anybody unwisely hovering near my garden door ('Goodness me, Mrs Mountjoy, you're simply sopping!'). Plumbers, even as they walk up the garden path ('Is this Myrtleview?') start shaking their heads in non-plussed bewilderment. These experts tap and tinker and fluster me with a barrage of technical jargon about grit in my water and malfunctions in my washers, and then off they go. A momentary improvement often follows and then, in about a fortnight's time, there is a scream from the garden and poor Mrs Mountjoy, calling with a gift of home-made pickle, stops yet another icy cascade ('Let me put your hat in the airing-cupboard').

Can it be that the one perfect functioner owes its blameless life to the fact that it is 'fed', as we in the trade have it, from a tank in the roof, while the other unreliables are subjected to the full force and relentless pressure of the South West Water Board in all its majesty, manifested in its powerful mains supply and at a speed that few ball-cocks seem able to defy and which ensure, in the summer months and when parched beds are crying out for help, a display from our sprinklers that remind the more travelled among us of the dazzling splendours of the palace of Versailles itself.

Speaking of which, who can doubt that if there were a competition, properly judged by a large cross-section of national representatives from all over, for the world's nastiest lavatories, this Nobel non-award of the sanitary world would go without question to the frogs, proud inventors of those odoriferous non-lavatories which feature a circular hole in the ground and two intimidating cement foot-marks which are intended to indicate, for those who have not, and with a cry of despair, instantly fled, the absolutely ideal posing position for the male, and, for all I know the female customer.

These unpleasant retiring places also require, in certain circumstances and those which occur, roughly, daily, a degree of gymnastic ability that is denied to many of us, coupled with a sense of balance possessed by few. And then again, in the gloomy corridors of ancient French hotels, who has not got seering memories of whiffy and defiantly unventilated cupboard-like recesses next to the locked bathroom. And what of those rusty and tinny outdoor erections, so niggardly of metal, in which the males of this quite deplorable race unbutton practically in public, carry on conversations with passing chums ('*Bonjour, Hercule*'), and totally fail to adjust their dress before leaving. One hardly knows where to look, but where not to look is abundantly clear to all.

Who but the French would supply heavily be-craped *veuves* in mournful and never-ending supply to furnish a gloomy presence in those underground WC oubliettes, their centime-filled saucers prominently displayed and a look of eternal doom on their grey faces? Life holds no further hope for them, but what of the after life in the thought of which so many, and not only catholic *veuves*, find such strange comfort? Looking ahead, they see themselves perhaps at the Final Judgment and facing the Maker, or rather, looking up at the Maker (impressively perched up a bit, I don't doubt, like Mussolini and Hitler at their raised desks, and stunted tenors with 'lifts' in their boots and, I regret to say, one famous general I could name). St Peter reads out a dreary succession of dates and facts and then comes the dread question from on high: '*Et votre métier, Madame*?' A gulp and a quick intake of breath. '*Surveillante, Majesté, dans des cabinets de toilette.*' And then what? A grunt? A rumble of thunder? A puff of smoke? I like to think not. They also serve, and all that. And if there is going to be foie gras in heaven, there must surely be, ipso facto, lavatories too.

Roger Woddis

Lines for a loudmouthed person

(Apologies to A.P.M.)

As that young chap said yesterday –
The fellow on TV –
Once public servants go on strike,
Goodbye, moralitee!
And what the commentators say
Is good enough for me.

What is this country coming to
When lazy louts complain
They can't get by on what they earn,
Unless they burst a vein?
I bet you, if the truth were known,
They're swimming in champagne.

And look at all the perks they get,
And holidays galore.
I wouldn't do their job myself,
It must be quite a bore,
But speaking as a man who knows,
That's what they're fitted for.

If everybody did the same,
We'd have a free-for-all;
The lot of them want putting down,
Or up against a wall.
All right, I'll have another one –
No, better make it small.

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TV dinner in Bermuda

PETER CHAMBERS reports on summer's migrating hordes – tourists and travellers, masses and snobs – seeking the familiar and the exotic in the sun.

BERMUDA IS NOT A PLACE I have ever visited, but I have just heard a funny, true story about it. Though formally belonging to Britain, this expensive Atlantic island has long been the playground of American holiday-makers, nearly all of them in the WASP (White Anglo-Saxon Protestant) category. New York City Jews traditionally go to Florida or New York State. However, a recent influx of Jewish tourists demanding kosher food posed a problem for Bermuda. It has no *kashrut.* There is no Jewish kitchen to provide bloodless meat, guaranteed finny fish etc. Bermuda came up with the simple answer: its orthodox Jewish guests are fed on *kosher T.V. dinners flown in from New York.* It is a prime example to support the cynic's view of modern tourists; they don't want to 'get away from it all' – they want to take it with them and have it in the sun.

Anybody who has experienced mass travel on the Spanish 'costas' will know there is a lot of truth in that view. The package-tour plazas of Benidorm and Lloret are lined with establishments selling British beer and 'tea as mother makes it.' I personally overheard this exchange in a package hotel on the Costa del Sol:

Englishwoman (in a snippy voice): Waiter, I told you we didn't want olive oil.
Waiter: But, *senora,* I did not give you olive oil.
Englishwoman: Yes, but there's a bottle of it on the next table, and *my husband can't stand the sight of it.*

HOWEVER, AFTER FIVE YEARS in the travel business, as Travel Editor of the *Daily Express,* I cannot say I am wholly convinced that travel narrows the mind. You have to see the thing in historical perspective – and it's a very short perspective. Vladimir Raitz, a sometime Fleet Street journalist, claims to have invented package tours when he chartered a Dakota and flew a group of British on a camping holiday in Corsica. And that was only thirty years ago.

The motor-car and, more importantly, the jet airliner launched the 'tourist explosion' of the 1960's and 70's. The biggest migration in European history is not 'historical' at all. The westward sweep of the Germanic tribes into Europe is as nothing, numerically speaking, compared with the contemporary migration of North European holiday-makers to the Mediterranean in high-capacity jets. This runs into tens of millions of people. Spain alone receives nearly 40 million tourists a year, a fantastic ratio of rather more than one tourist

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to one native Spaniard. By comparison, Britain gets about one tourist to every five inhabitants. Mass travel is not capable of indefinite expansion, though in the heady days of the early seventies, when you could weekend in Majorca for £19, it did seem so. One of the casualties on the way was originator Vladimir Raitz, whose well-regarded tour company, Horizon, collapsed, to be taken over by the Clarkson's giant, which in turn went bankrupt.

BUT THINGS ARE LOOKING UP again. Last year was a good year for tour operators and 1979 will be even better. Thomson Holidays alone will export nearly one million Britons to foreign places, the biggest slice inevitably to Spain.

'"Take my camel," said my aunt . . .' Travel has changed a lot since that famous opening line by Rosamund Lehman, and the old snob declension still holds:

I am a traveller
You are a holiday-maker
He is on a package-tour

SPAIN IS THE PLACE to observe what a jaundiced upper-class colleague described as 'British workers having the holiday they really enjoy, which is getting pissed and pink round a swimming pool'. True, the predominant group in the low-cost package tour business belongs to the socio-economic category C1 – the well-paid worker – and the former chief of Cosmos, the biggest tour company after Thomson's went on record a couple of years ago with the declaration: 'Package tours are a cloth-cap industry'. So? Why shouldn't cloth caps go to Spain, instead of spending Wakes Week in a North British seaside resort getting rained on?

The snob declension dies hard . . . The 'traveller', who is genuinely interested in other cultures and foreign places, insists on projecting his attitudes on the package tour masses, who sing football songs on Costa Brava coach tours and don't give a damn for Velasquez. Such attitudes are exemplified by people who say: 'I remember Torremolinos when it was an unspoiled fishing village . . .' In fact, I do. And I remember Augustus John, then about 80 and still full of fire, feeling up the waitress's bottom at the next table. But I was cured of this 'I remember Torremolinos' kind of remark by an Englishman, who lives in Andalusia, remarking drily: 'Yes, and in those days the kids used to stone you in the street'.

MASS TOURISM means high-rise hotels, British pubs, Swedish saunas, German sausages, Dutch sandwiches and standing-room only along much of the north Mediterranean littoral, and there's no bucking it.

The British package tour market is big business, otherwise the Scandinavian direct-sell operators, Tjaereborg and Vingresor, would not have moved in here. This may seem surprising in view of our progressive impoverishment compared with other North European countries, but we shouldn't be deluded into visions of pleasure-mad British tourists totally swamping the lands of the olive and the grape.

First, there is the economic restraint. The package tour price for two adults and two children in high season next summer is about £1,000 for a reasonable-standard hotel, and who has that kind of disposable income? A fraction of the population only. For every Briton who holidays abroad, six or seven stay in this country.

An even better economic indicator is the statistic that crops up year after year – it's the surprising fact that *40 per cent* of the British population in any given year do not take a holiday at all. they are too poor, or too old, and a minority are simply disinclined. Compare these figures with West Germany, where no less than 60 per cent of population goes abroad on holiday. The Germans, of course, are top of the league of foreign holiday-takers, followed by the Americans, the French, and then the British.

I personally feel I am a 'traveller' because I started as a student right after the war, when there weren't even enough cars around to hitch-hike, and I worked as a dish-washer in a Stockholm restaurant to earn my fare home. But much of my function is looking out destinations for people who want to go the easy way, on a package.

Packages have both improved and worsened tourism. It would be tiresome to travel to Russia, for example, except on a package. Russians love groups, they are used to groups, they are able with one group *'nyet'* to suppress the bothersome wants of individuals. So visiting Russia is much easier today but, as I can vouch from personal experience, they treat you much worse than they did twenty years ago.

SPAIN, YUGOSLAVIA, TUNISIA AND MOROCCO are pre-eminently package tour countries, though that need not deter individual travellers. Greece and the United States on the other hand are 'traveller' countries. Why corset yourself in an inclusive tour, when you can fly there cheaply and do your own thing cheaply?

With so many APEX, 'cheapie', budget, Skytrain and bucket-shop tickets flying around you don't have to sign up with a tour operator. Besides, there are tour operators and tour operators. A Cosmos executive once described his firm's brochure to me as 'not so much a brochure, more a directory of European hotel swimming-pools'. Could have just what you are looking for, if you want an inexpensive rest-up in the sun.

On the other hand there are brochures which engage the attention by their unsolemn copy. Sunmed, which specialises in Greek islands, is the first to let on about Mykonos, the international homosexual capital of the Aegean. Page 34 of the current Sunmed brochure is headed 'Mykonos – Oh what a Gay Day!' In the gay bars the bib 'n' brace waiters 'wear large plastic hearts that flash on and off . . . and two space people were sliding around town in home-made lurex suits and gold boots with 6 inch heels'. You won't read that in any other Greek holiday copy, and less specialised but vital information like 'when exactly is the rainy season on the Colombo coast, Sri Lanka?' is also difficult to discover from long-haul brochures with household names on the cover.

Small World is splendidly irreverent. Last year, the firm had two hilarious pages on Greek plumbing. In 1979 this tongue-in-cheek brochure refers throughout to the Portuguese unit of currency as the 'escargot'. Be sure, there will be a Small World client asking at the airport how many 'escargots' he can get to the £. This will enable all true travellers to glance askance at the fellow and say: 'Hmm . . . he must be on a package tour."

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

Peter Conrad

The Imperial Imagination

Orientalism by EDWARD W. SAID *Routledge* £8.95

The excitement of *Orientalism* is its salutary fury. Edward Said writes in contempt of the etiquette of humane scholarship, justifying his polemical tactics by citing Chomsky's exposure of the connections 'between the Vietnam War and the notion of objective scholarship as it was applied to state-sponsored military research.' The Oriental scholarship of the past is, in Said's judgment, an instrument for patronising and persecuting the Orient. Philology suavely anatomises the barbarisms of Oriental speech; lexicography contains and confines the culture it reviews; geography acts as an incitement to exploration and territorial acquisition. Said's own learning is deployed not to encourage or apologise for political rapacity, but in angry defence of the Orient's integrity.

The West, he argues, fancies itself to have invented the Orient, and this act of invention is oppressive and proprietorial. The tradition of Orientalism he describes is a record of the region's subjugation, which is achieved bureaucratically (Disraeli in *Tancred* calls the East a career – but a career for which only non-Orientals are eligible), sensually (Flaubert copulating with an Egyptian courtesan reduces her to a conveniently mindless object of his lust, 'verbally inexpressive'), even textually (after his invasion of Egypt, Napoleon enlisted a supplementary army of scholars to translate his edicts into Koranic Arabic, and set about persuading the natives that he was fighting on behalf of Islam). There is a savage glee to Said's denunciation of the corruptions of a scholarship which has been charged with providing pretexts for political roguery. The arts of the literary critic are mobilised against texts which are shoddily sub-literary – an essay by Kissinger employing a rhetoric of binary opposition to divide and thereby rule the world; a report produced for the US Government by Morroe Berger which pacifies the Middle East by flattening it into an academic 'field', a supine zone governed by sociological truisms.

Said's mutilation of the compromised hacks who are his predecessors is both cheering and just. But in asserting that there can be no disjunction 'between pure and political knowledge', he leaves himself unable to arbitrate between the rights of the imagination, which is always a more or less benevolent despot, and the responsibilities of politics. He is derisive about the cultural images which conjure up (and therefore, in his view, colonise) the Orient. He won't countenance the idyllic, sensual Orient of the romantic imagination: the gustatory Baghdad of Beckford's *Vathek*; the refulgent Morocco of Delacroix, who found there an alternative to the chaste, pink-limbed cadavers of David's classicism; the blithely promiscuous Tangier of Joe Orton. Said sees in these erotic pilgrimages only a genital version of imperial arrogance. Prostrate, the suffering Orient awaits penetration by its Occidental conqueror. But there is a mutuality to this sensual traffic which Said's argument conceals. The Orient claims sensual prisoners of its own, as T. E. Lawrence coyly testified in referring to the invasion of the (anal) citadel of his manhood by his Arab captors. Said contrives the sexual liberation of the exploited Orient by bundling Oriental sex into a commodity and exporting it. Merchandised abroad, Oriental sex can now be had 'without necessarily going to the Orient'. There is a desperate ingenuity to Said's polemic, which manages to represent even the oil sheiks as abject victims. The Orient, he insists, peddles oil (like sex) in a buyer's market: the new wealth of the oil-producing states has simply made them the customers of Western capitalism.

Because Said defines the Orient as a fiction, a stereotype licensing crude racist generalities and greedy political aggression, he tends to be sceptical about all fictions, which he sees as lying misrepresentations of a mute, hapless reality. Paraphrasing Marx, he says that Orientals are never permitted to represent themselves in art: they can only be represented by supercilious Occidentals. Flaubert doubly dominates the Egyptian courtesan – by using her sexually and then by appropriating her for art. But what consent does the imagination ever scruple to obtain from its pliant objects? Said's complaint about Orientalism is actually an attack on the romantic imagination and its triumphant ingestion of the world. A ravening subjectivity engorges and abolishes the objects which confront it: in politics this is called imperialism, in literature the pathetic fallacy. Because Said won't distinguish between the political presumption and the literary attitude, his own logic coaxes him towards an assault on literature.

Literary complication is equated with bad faith. The elaboration of the medium is a sinister bedizenment of an ugly meaning. The artfulness Said discovers in the methods of an Orientalist like E. W. Lane, who pretends to neutrality while being slyly polemical, is insidious and fraudulent. Said cunningly indicates the formal self-consciousness of Lane's drab narrative, but in doing so he identifies art with dishonesty and oppression: Lane's imposition of a personal presence and his manipulation of detail are his ways of controlling and victimising the Orient. Transforming his text into what Said calls a fiction, Lane has made it into a false witness. Appraising that text as a fiction (where others have accepted it as innocuous fact), Said is denouncing it as an untruth. Art in this estimation is a mode of inauthenticity. Its subtlety is a recourse of its cowardice: not daring to make political statements openly, it relies on fugitive aspersions, conveyed by technique. This detestation of art declares itself in Said's account of Chateaubriand, who is untrustworthy because of what Stendhal called his 'stinking egotism'. Art not only invalidates Chateaubriand's descriptions of the Orient, but afflicts him with an existential unreality: submitting the Orient to the whim of his 'imperious imagination', Chateaubriand is 'a constructed *figure*, not . . . a true self'. Nerval in Cairo is guilty of the same nauseous aesthetic treason, confessing, 'I would like to lead my life like a novel.' Flaubert's meticulous realism is for Said a mortification of its subject. Description is dissection: hence the inventory of deformities in the Egyptian hospital.

Artists for Said are assassins, who stultify a living truth in the act of representing it. At their most self-conscious, they turn into inane copyists like Bouvard and Pécuchet, dispensing altogether with a refractory reality and fondly transferring clichés from book to paper. Said's criticism is a revenge on the deathly artificiality of literature. If the artists have institutionalised the East (Orientalism is, he says, a 'corporate institution for dealing with the Orient', ruling it by authorising statements about it), he in his turn institutionalises the artists. The artists won't acknowledge the human individuality of the creatures they collectivise as Orientals; the critic therefore won't recognise the imaginative individuality of the writers he collectivises as Orientalists. Chateaubriand fantasticates himself into a figure. Said does the same, vindictively, to Renan, who is chillingly impersonalised: Renan is not an original intelligence but 'a figure who must be grasped . . . as a type of cultural and intellectual praxis, as a style for making Orientalist statements.' The same fate attends Kipling, who is metonymically scaled down to a racial slur:

> Kipling himself could not merely have happened; the same is true of his White Man. Such ideas and their authors emerge out of complex historical and cultural circumstances.

But Kipling did 'happen': his ideas are too idiosyncratic to be anything but his own invention. All Said permits us to see of him is a poem about White Men 'cleaning the land'. The interest of this extract, however, is not its bigotry but its conviction that society won't naturally cohere and needs the coercion of punitive mechanical force. In the case Said quotes, the image is of a railway slicing through a jungle:

> Iron underfoot and the vine overhead
> And the deep on either hand.

But Kipling argues this way about all societies, not only the African and Indian colonies. He admired the cable-cars of San Francisco because they filamented and cemented an unstable nature, internally wiring the powdery hills of the city, and the stockyards in Chicago because they had devised a sleek machinery for annihilating riotous, stampeding nature. Said begrudges Kipling both originality and complexity, indicting him on the evidence of an isolated and unworthy quotation.

Bold and vigorous as Said's book is, its limitations can be demonstrated by contrasting it with another work which discerns the literariness of real life and the fictionality of history, Paul Fussell's *The Great War and Living Memory*. Fussell shows war to be the prosecution of a fiction, as Said shows imperialism to be an adjunct of textual scholarship. Fussell jokes about the theatricality of combat; Said more stridently calls the Orient a theatrical stage which Europe has populated with bogies and improbable heroes. Both writers are concerned with the ways in which

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the present filters and alters the past, but whereas for Fussell memory is reconciliatory and redemptive, for Said recollection is a 'systematic discipline' of oppression and traduction. Literature for Fussell organises the misery of life after the event, and transfigures it by finding meanings in it. For Said the shabbier duty of literature is the encapsulation and imprisonment of life. Historical knowledge for Fussell is exploratory, the retrieval of our buried lives; for Said, as for the Orientalists he condemns, knowledge is closure, codification, tabulation. There is an ironic parity between Said and his opponents: in decrying the representation of the Orient as 'a closed field', he has written a book which, despite its polymathic brilliance, is pessimistically narrow, resentfully self-enclosed.

A. S. Byatt

The One Life

Wordsworth in Time by JOHN BEER *Faber* £8.50
Wordsworth and the Human Heart by JOHN BEER *Macmillan* £10

John Beer is a literary critic whose preoccupations seem, as time passes and more books appear, remarkably steady and persistent. In his first book, *Coleridge the Visionary* (1959), he quoted T. E. Hulme's definition of Romanticism as 'spilt religion' and went on to claim that we were still confronting the same problems as the Romantic writers. In his later study of Forster he reiterated this claim, and his work on Lawrence as well as his studies of major English Romantic poets – two books on Blake, another on Coleridge, and many essays – show that he sees all of them dealing with related confusions, unsteady ecstasies, moral uncertainties and human terrors which result from the 'spilling' of religion. Dogmatic Christianity could bind together, as intellectual belief and way of life, things that, to John Beer's chosen writers, seem problematic.

All describe 'visionary' experiences of the unity of all things – living and inert, organic and inorganic. All are troubled to find a way of relating their sense of the finite human being – shut in his body and facing annihilation by death – to these visions. All are further troubled to find a source and sanction for morality, private and public. All in their own ways, some philosophically, some more simply aesthetically, construct their own system of symbols, their own esoteric languages, to replace mysticism and theology. All, except perhaps Blake, are conscious of impassable disjunctions between vision and actuality.

Dr Beer, patiently and mostly self-effacingly, interprets and cross-relates these systems – not as a theologian, but with considerably more interest in their efficacity and power as a way of knowing man and the world than if he were a latter-day believer in the structuralist system of language as a completely self-referring set of signs. He has also a very strong sense of the singleness and individuality of a writer. He will study a poet's history, step by step in the case of Wordsworth and Coleridge, so that he brings a concrete imagination of particulars to the interpretation of generalisations or images.

We now have two Wordsworth books to add to the two books on Blake and the two on Coleridge. It seems clear that Dr Beer's thought and responses to literature do not divide themselves naturally into book-sized portions. The Wordsworth books, though lucid, consequent, and formed, lose much of their force if not read together, and in conjunction with *Coleridge's Poetic Intelligence* and the rest of the Coleridge studies. It might seem that the two Wordsworth books correspond roughly to the two on Blake. Seen this way, *Wordsworth in Time* might seem to be like *Blake's Visionary Universe*, a study of Wordsworth's moments of vision, and the way in which, in his poetry, they were used to form a symbolic language for man's apprehension of himself as part of infinity, while locked in Newtonian time. And *Wordsworth and the Human Heart* might be seen as a companion to *Blake's Humanism*, a study of the poet's descriptions of the relations between men, the nature of humanity.

In fact, the books don't work like that, primarily because Wordsworth doesn't. Both poets were interested in the different consciousnesses of innocence and experience, both were among the great describers of perceptual disturbances which gave intimations of immortality or suggested glimpses of infinity, both concerned themselves with the shifting grounds of morals in their society, with the facts of dehumanising city life, poverty, spiritual and material, Revolutions of time and in states. But Wordsworth chose to speak the real language of men in the light of common day, to depict individuals 'in the very world which is the world of all of us'. His speech was, as Dr Beer says, always public and accessible at one level, which laid him open to mockery, and now makes it harder to pretend to locate 'hidden' meanings.

Dr Beer describes Wordsworth as a man moving between two extremes – a terror that his excessive energy, both bodily and imaginative, might lead to madness, and a terror that he might lose all his powers and become inert like a rock or stone. John Beer further suggests that Wordsworth, during the marvellous years of the early friendship with Coleridge, might have derived from Coleridge a set of hopeful speculations about the relationship between human energy and energy loose in the universe, energy not only animal and vegetable but present in winds and waves and sounding cataracts. Coleridge, according to Dr Beer, had early and cheerfully believed that a man could sense the 'One Life' which impelled everything in a harmonious whole, that could be recognised or achieved through a 'primary consciousness'. Wordsworth, a creature of 'blank misgivings' and 'visionary dreariness' afraid of the grave, aware of the stoniness of stones, was nevertheless able to use creatively, it is suggested, an image derived through Coleridge from Jacob Boehme, of the human heart as a fountain of life and energy, flowing and reflowing, cycling blood in the body – as the sun in heaven was not an inert mass but a related fountain of energy and light playing through the universe.

In these two books John Beer traces Wordsworth's images of fountains, rivers and streams, and light, his use of the 'heart' and his interest, shared with Coleridge, in the boundaries between life and death, movement and stillness, life-in-death or death-in-life. Dr Beer's primary aim is not, he tells us, to offer interpretations of individual poems, although his patient work on the grammatical idiosyncrasies and underlying resonances of dead metaphor or apparent cliché in poems as great and as well-read as the *Immortality Ode* and *Tintern Abbey* gives each new life. It is both maddening and natural that both poems are examined in both books, and the reader who has read both discussions cannot unknit them in the mind.

Chapter I of *Wordsworth in Time* opens with Coleridge's remark, 'Wordsworth's words always *mean* the whole of their possible Meaning', and Chapter 7 quotes his wise description of the author of the *Excursion* as one who has

> by the conjoint operation of his own experiences, feelings, and reason *himself* convinced *himself* of Truths which the generality of persons have either taken for granted from their Infancy or at least adopted in early life, and who has attached all their own depth and weight to doctrines and words which come almost as Truisms or Common-place to others.

Dr Beer is on the whole laudably and illuminatingly tactful with Wordsworth's words and Wordsworth's deeply contemplated Truisms. He connects the esoteric heart-as-fountain to the public cult of sensibility, Wordsworth's language of affection for Dorothy, and various poems in which the word lies as a dead metaphor – including a new light on the image of London, asleep with its river gliding at its own sweet will, as a 'mighty heart . . . lying still'. This as Dr Beer observes, 'has been enrolled too firmly among the clichés of journalism to be easily extracted', but does, as he says, in his terms come to have 'an unexpected preciseness'. It is perhaps only natural that a reader of these books should frequently suspect that Dr Beer is manipulating his evidence. Rivers, fountains, light, dark, death, life and the heart are after all so generally used that Dr Beer may seem to be too easily throwing the network of his own concepts, or at best Coleridge's, over the solid, harsh, idiosyncratic stuff of Words-

This English

Round about crisis-time, a lot of people send us misuses of 'decimate': it's what picket-lines do to food supplies, what snow does to fixture programmes, and so on. We don't like toadying to usage, but perhaps we can safely let 'decimate' go. It used to mean 'one out of ten'; now it means 'nine out of ten'. All right? This week's opener is an error-packed caption from *Time Out*'s front page – shouldn't it be 'Rotten (né Lydon)', anyway? Then a misuse and two not very near homophones.

☐ John Lydon (nèe Rotten) and his Public Image. **Headline** *Time Out* (Stephen Hayward)

☐ My only complaint is that Deighton's story never quite matches up to the enormity of the backdrop. **Ion Trewin** *Good Book Guide* (E. C. Taylor)

☐ . . . in the light of the council's financial cutbacks councillors are being asked to become more spendthrift in their expenses. *Bracknell Times* (N. Elles)

☐ It is all Bacall, including the sentences that don't phrase, the feverish dashes that replace conventional punctuation . . . **Helen Dudar** *Daily Mail* (C. J. May)

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worth's plain English and plain tales.

There are times when he uses phrases like 'primary and secondary consciousnesses' (explained elsewhere in his work) as though there were no doubt that they were current and meaningful terms for both Wordsworth and the modern reader. But most of these times a doubtful phrase is triumphantly succeeded by a quotation which embodies not only the concept but often the word one was wondering about. He is wise about the man speaking and precise about the language spoken. He has a fair degree of negative capability; and is something of a poet. Having opened *Wordsworth in Time* with a meditation on Wordsworth's question about his own identity, 'Shall I ever have a name?', he ends it with the image of the aged poet skating on the ice of Rydal Water, tracing 'in its seasonally recurring, seasonally vanishing substance, the cursive lineaments (*alias* the successive characters) of his own name'. Metaphysical wit, that: it is unfortunately in the nature of Dr Beer's work that, though we may remember the skating in *The Prelude* as arrested-energy-turned-vision, and the image of dead Coleridge with every mortal power 'frozen at its marvellous source' from this book, and we may even vaguely recall *Kubla Khan*'s paradoxical work of genius, the 'sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice', or the floating green ice of *The Ancient Mariner*, loose in a sea alternately violent and inert, we need to have read the other work on Coleridge to realise *how much* ice meant to both poets, and how much John Beer knows about what it meant.

Kingsley Amis

Action Man

The Fountains of Paradise by ARTHUR C. CLARKE *Gollancz* £4.95

At 61, Arthur Clarke has reached the top of his profession, or more properly his professions. For besides his science-fiction writings he has distinguished himself in the field of what science-fiction people call science fact, i.e. recent and impending developments in science and technology. Here Mr Clarke has specialised in the exploration of space, and so enjoys an edge when he comes to write fiction concerned with it. A story set in the future is not thereby a prophecy, and he is too good a novelist to make the confusion; but an intimate knowledge of the possible and the plausible greatly assists in that naturalising of the marvellous which is the characteristic achievement of the best science fiction.

With the heavy stuff out of the way, let it be said at once that Mr Clarke's new novel is no easier to put down than any of his others. It takes us to the 22nd century and the equatorial island of Taprobane (four syllables: see *Paradise Regained*, IV 75). The name often refers to Sumatra but, as the author explains in a detailed note, in this case to a displaced Sri Lanka; the real one has been his home for over 20 years. I am very wary of anything to do with Eastern religions and was distinctly uncomfortable for the first couple of pages, which introduced me to the Venerable

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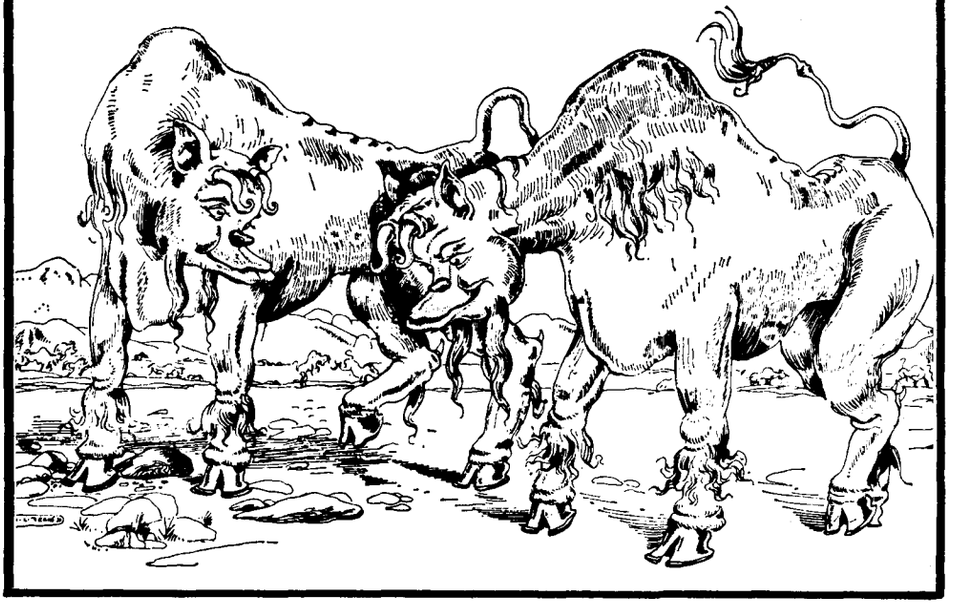

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Bodhidharma Mahanayake Thero, the Sacred Mountain, Demon Rock, the monkey god Hanuman, the *Ramayana,* the Dharma and similar potential embarrassments.

I need not have worried. Early Taprobanean history turns out to be secular enough, and the reason why the 2nd-century King Kalidasa, a vigorous anti-clerical, had a lot of frescoes done on the summit of Demon Rock – the fountains of the title are at its foot – is an acceptable and adequately mysterious mystery. Things improve further when Chief Engineer Morgan, creator of the Gibraltar Bridge, turns up to start building the Orbital Tower or Space Elevator, a structure 30,000 miles high that will carry passengers and material direct to interplanetary ships and so obviate the need for the noisy and inefficient ground-to-space rocket. It is no real surprise that the only place suitable for the Earthward end of this thing is the summit of the Sacred Mountain, where stands the monastery presided over by the current Venerable Bodhidharma, etc. Very soon after this is revealed, the arrival in the Solar System, 70 years before the main story, of an object from outside that system is (superbly well) described. The intruder is an interstellar space-probe, quite ready to answer, from its immensely advanced equipment and knowledge, any questions put to it as it passes. All the questions we hear about concern religion and all the answers given are hostile to belief in God; indeed, we are told authorially that the probe 'put an end to' all organised faiths.

The stage seems fully set: at the end of a long, nasty struggle, probably resulting in their apparent victory, the scientific, human forces will take a terrific pasting from some unsuspected divine force and the probe shown to be wrong after all. The last bit looks like a foregone conclusion when Morgan's project is nearly wrecked before it starts by an enormous wind out of nowhere: 'the Gods of the Mountain were awakening from their slumbers'. It seems obvious that at some early or not-so-early stage, Mr Clarke's mind was moving on these lines, before something caused him to change it. The same wind blows to the summit of the Mountain a swarm of butterflies held in popular belief to be the souls of Kalidasa's warriors, who thus symbolically take possession of the monastery, so the monks simply leave and Morgan can go ahead. If it was God who arranged that, the intervention was hidden and temporary. He altogether disappears from the scene thereafter. We never even hear what Kalidasa's frescoes were for, and the fountains of the title are evidently there just to lend their pretty name.

The book becomes an action story instead of a metaphysical romance, but the action is tense enough. A party is trapped in the Tower 400 miles from the ground; Morgan goes up to help them in a tiny inspection vehicle out of which he constantly climbs to detach encumbrances with one hand while he holds on with the other. As I read I kept pushing myself further and further back in my chair, squealing with vertigo. This is not Arthur Clarke's best novel, though the blurb says he says it is; the most that can be said is that it's delightfully written, always interesting and at times almost unbearably exciting.

Two grumbles: the miles I have quoted are my own conversions; the author has gone metric. Must he? (Does he think it's more *scientific*?) The year of the story is 2142, and the changeover will almost certainly be complete by then, but my calendar only says 1979. And really, honestly, have we got to call it Sri Lanka? I dare says its inhabitants do call it that, but it's Ceylon in English, which is what I'm using. Next thing you know it'll be Deutschland, Ellas, Suomi and the bloody old CCCP.

A RED SQUARE
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£4.75
HOWARD BAKER PRESS

Philip French

Hot Pursuit

Metropolitan Life by FRAN LEBOWITZ *Sidgwick & Jackson* £4.50

Twenty years ago when Tom Stoppard and I were competing to see who could write the most boring accounts of West Country funerals for Bristol daily newspapers, I was asked to take over the *Evening Post*'s weekly humorous column from Michael Kenyon. Mike was leaving to work for the *News-Chronicle*, a stepping stone on the way to being a thriller-writing tax exile. The column was signed 'Toby', which saved me having to confront sneering friends and disgruntled readers. But the news editor, a dour Yorkshireman, knew who was writing the stuff and called me in one day to discuss a particular piece. 'I'm not happy about this,' he said, clutching a fistful of galleys. 'You and I may think it's funny, but are they going to laugh at it down in Bedminster?'

Meanwhile I was writing another weekly column – the male fashion notes, under the pseudonym 'Philippe Sartor'. These pieces were a riot, packed with invention, gross satire and wild flights of fancy. 'Will Bristol take to the turn-up-less trouser? asks Philippe Sartor'; 'Bowlers for Bristol is my forecast'; 'Does Britain need a fashion leader?' (I elected Prince Philip and Harold Macmillan.) What did local psychiatrists (interviewed in the privacy of my skull) have to say about pyjamas? Nobody, however, noticed what my dapper alter ego was up to, and a director of the company once consulted me about wearing miniature medals with evening dress.

From this I learned two lessons. The first was never to sit down and set out to be funny. Always appear to be doing something else, like reviewing television, reporting parliament, writing testimonials; then you don't have to worry about making jokes or whether people get the jokes you do make. The second one was to view with sympathy the efforts of those assigned to squeeze humour from the wrinkled grapes in the exhausted comic vineyards of the modern world.

Fran Lebowitz, a lively and intelligent young American humorist making her debut here, needs quite a bit of sympathy, especially after being introduced to us as 'the natural successor to Dorothy Parker'. The blurb writer culled this from *Vogue*, which he has read more carefully than *Metropolitan Life*, otherwise he wouldn't be telling us that 'for the literate she provides an exchange of letters between Oscar Wilde and Lord Alfred Douglas in C.B. (Citizen's Band radio) slang'. She doesn't. Faced with this challenge she explains, not very comically, how after reading 'scores of their real letters' she gave up defeated.

The piece that immediately precedes it, 'In Hot Pursuit', suggests that literary pastiche isn't her forte anyway. In this feeble Conan Doyle parody, Holmes is named 'Homes and Gardens' (this recurs seven times on one page) and his assistant referred to as 'Watson my dear'; they're a pair of New York-based faggots investigating child-molesting in Los Angeles. The piece is not even undergraduate and like much else in her book is well below NS comp standards.

At the moment at least, Miss Lebowitz lacks the style and invention to sustain pieces in the Perelman manner. Her gift is for jokey theories, mock questionnaires, comic sociological categories, cod social advice, and her natural length not much more than a thousand words, which is presumably the attention span of those who read her in Andy Warhol's *Interview* and *Mademoiselle*. She can quote good jokes like the one about the kept boy who was so dumb 'he moved his lips while watching TV', and she can make passable wisecracks of her own like 'In New York it is not whether you win or lose, but how you lay the blame'. Often, however, her one-liners fail to get from the launching pad of the wisecrack into the permanent orbit of the epigram.

She is very much a product of Greenwich Village, where she has lived ever since moving into New York from her small New Jersey hometown. The brittle, knowing style, very socially and fashion conscious, is what might be called Washington Square Arch. The disdainful references to midtown and uptown New York, and especially to the rival upstart Bohemia of the adjacent SoHo district, can only be appreciated by understanding this particular perspective. But she has a touch of the higher philistinism that isn't necessarily characteristic of the Village. Her remarks about modern art are neither funny nor penetrating, and her *faux naïf* travel article about a trip to Europe is high-school Twain:

> Rome is very architectural and they have a lot of art there . . . I suggested that they put in an acoustical tile ceiling in the Sistine Chapel to cut down on the incredible din produced by the German tourists.

Though she's more *New York* than *New Yorker*, Miss Lebowitz could probably have held her own at the Algonquin Round Table. But she will remind British readers of two more recent observers of Manhattan life, Tom Wolfe and Susan Sontag. Several pieces struck me as strategically similar to, though inevitably much slighter than, Miss Sontag's early essays. Then I came to the longest one called 'Notes on "Trick"', a clever ten-page dissertation upon the relationship that rich and talented people have to their attractive sexual toys, or 'tricks' as they are apparently called. This article, it slowly dawns on one, is an almost line-by-line parody of Susan Sontag's 1964 essay 'Notes on Camp', with such inversions (if that's the word) as substituting Lord

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Alfred Douglas for Wilde in Miss Sontag's introduction, 'These notes are for Oscar Wilde.' To appreciate Ms Lebowitz, you don't just need to know New York's current fashions, you have to be able to remember its discarded ones.

Tom Paulin

Hooked

Happy Endings by JULIAN FANE *Hamish Hamilton* £5.25
Somerset Dreams and Other Fictions by KATE WILHELM *Hutchinson* £5.50
Drug Tales edited by Duncan Fallowell *Hamish Hamilton* £5.95
Gross Intrusion and Other Stories by STEVEN BERKOFF *John Calder* £4.95

Not long ago I watched a television programme about a group of painters who call themselves 'the Ruralists'. They liked the English countryside, young girls, old churches and summer afternoons, and their paintings were meticulous compilations of received images. They were rather like the characters in some of Julian Fane's short stories. But where the Ruralists were sweetly glued to their own nostalgia, Fane's rural painters are worried that their canvases are competent anachronisms. They begin to suspect that the English countryside is a fake Constable painting and this makes them uneasy:

> The village of Belbury looked as if it had been not only painted hundreds of times but designed by Abel Duncan. There were picturesque shops in a picturesque street, a church with a spire and a churchyard with yew trees, a green, a pond and ramshackle farm. A few well-placed clouds drifted in the sky and the sun cast the correct amount of shadow.

With the odd glance at James's stories of the artistic life, Julian Fane suggests that his essentially Edwardian imagination is out of tune with the times, and although it's disconcerting to watch one of the first books of 1979 trying to come to terms with the Industrial Revolution *Happy Endings* does at least have the wit to realise that not everyone lives in Great Tew. There is an honest openness in these stories to the limitations and the boredom of pastorals.

This is most evident in 'Fairholme', where Peter Tilton gives up his beautiful and picturesque country house – it is the subject of all his paintings – and moves into a suburban bungalow with a concrete floor and an untidy garden. His work changes and he begins to paint pictures of 'ugly petrol stations and fish and chip shops'. There must be something original in becoming the Edward Hopper of East Grinstead, and really Fane is suggesting that it is about time he moved away from the bucolic dream which so attracts him and tried to write more contemporary fictions. In one story about an impersonal modern hotel he succeeds in making that anonymous building into a mysterious and interesting character, for although its barren efficiency typifies all that he detests about the world that most people inhabit it also fascinates him. And because there are signs that his imagination has begun to quarrel with itself these stories are not absolutely marooned in the drowsy pastures they appear to celebrate.

The Somerset of Kate Wilhelm's new collection of short stories is an American mountain village with a strange atmosphere: 'It's like walking among the pyramids, at a distance forever changeless, but on inspection constant reminders of aging, of senescence, of usefulness past and nearly forgotten.' Although it's often difficult to pin down any real narrative in these stories, they do issue from a most unusual imagination which shifts and dissolves with subtle lucidity. Various superstitions, terrors, dreams, nightmares and crisp images of actual landscapes pass through the minds of the characters, and in 'State of Grace' Kate Wilhelm writes marvellously about a housewife who believes that the oak tree in her garden is inhabited by tiny spirits. It's a skilful parable which explores superstition and loneliness with great sympathy, and instead of presenting the woman as the pathetic victim of her fantasies the story suffuses her experience with a wry and innocent wonder. Eventually she manages to persuade her husband of the reality of her delusions and in the closing paragraphs we see how naturally she begins to come to terms with her invisible spirits:

> I am charting all their likes and dislikes. When I left them chopped turnip, there was a grease fire that could have burned down the house. I crossed off turnips. When I find out-of-season fruits, like mangoes, cut up just so with a touch of lemon juice, something nice happens, like the telegram from my mother on my birthday. They like me to wear soft, flowing, white gowns. My blue jeans brought a thunderstorm, and lightning hit the pole out front and we were without electricity for twenty-four hours.

Like many of the other characters in these stories, the lonely housewife moves like a healthy survivor between an oppressive ordinariness and a dreamlike temptation. She discovers an evasive and dignified truth, and it's for this quality of fluent and drifting dignity that *Somerset Dreams* is remarkable.

Drug Tales is a spooky anthology which gathers together a number of disparate and extremely uneven stories about people who are hooked on whisky, sherry, green tea, absinthe, white powder and drugs. The editor appears to be a merry fellow who likes potting biographies, and collecting pseudonyms and bits of lumber left over from the 1890s. According to the dust jacket he 'received a conventional education . . . and is the inventor of the electric novel.' He's scraped together a number of tedious stories by Sheridan Le Fanu, Arthur Machen, Ronald Firbank and Anna Kavan, and although there is an amusing story by Beerbohm and a brilliant piece by Burroughs I can't see much point in this anthology (the title is utterly misleading). But then again I can see why it's been scrambled together. Duncan Fallowell wants to introduce an 'electric novelist' called Peter Riviera who 'made no great attempt to publish his writing and it never was in his lifetime'. Maybe the grammar is part of the joke, but it's an expensive joke.

Perhaps *Gross Intrusion* is another piece of literary jesting. Take this finely-wrought opening paragraph:

> The manifestation of his lust was the salute to heaven by his obedient 'Lieutenant Flesh', whenever Doris genuflected with bucket and brush and paid homage to the dirty floor with

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bubbly warm suds . . . her generous ass rising and falling majestically as she pushed the brush forwards and backwards never failed to rouse the sweetest arias in the secret parts of Harry's anatomy . . . Doris's curly hair springing off the nape particularly attracted his base carnal throb, the sight of her white revealed flesh beneath the hair . . . how the nape was a delicious ingot of pleasure.

Mr Berkoff's collection of short stories is the most obnoxious patch of sludge I've ever had to wade through. It's a series of banal fantasies that seethe with a vicious, ugly, nasty and entirely boring brutishness. These prose-hymns to 'the strange warm satisfaction of a man's fist' wallow clumsily in their own disgust. This is a fictional hell of the most amateurish kind.

Lorna Sage

In the Dungeons

Love, Mystery and Misery: Feeling in Gothic Fiction by CORAL ANN HOWELLS *Athlone Press* £8.50

There are two main ways of reading the history of the Gothic element in the novel. Either you tend to see it as a more or less picturesque annexe to the central body of the house of fiction (10p extra for a tour of the dungeons), or you think of it as an alternative, rival mode. The dungeons, on this view, turn out to be still very much in use. Ms Howells, much as she appreciates Gothics, is of the first persuasion. *Love, Mystery and Misery* (a title adroitly whipped from a Minerva Press offering of 1810) looks at Ann Radcliffe, Matthew Lewis, Maturin and other more minor terror-peddlers of the turn of the 19th century with a cool, critical eye (rare in this particular field) and 'places' them firmly in due subordinate relation to Jane Austen and Charlotte Brontë.

This may be a decidedly untrendy proceeding, but that in itself is hardly an argument against it. Ms Howells is a careful practical critic, and she's able to show that her exhibits do indeed have their own distinctive, separate structures and techniques – that they *expect*, as it were, to be read in a dungeon-touring spirit (at the height of the Minerva Library boom, new titles could be borrowed for only four days). For a start, Gothic characters learned their behaviour not from life but from the stage, from Mrs Siddons, or from Kemble ('Pride, grief, horror, amazement, indignation, dismay, alternately agitated, alternately glowed in every feature'). Haunted they may have been, but by the ghost of Hamlet's father – or by Milton, like the imprisoned Granny in Mrs Roche's 'The Children of the Abbey' (1796) who issues from her hidey-hole proclaiming: 'I have lived . . .to justify the ways of Providence to men.' Mrs Roche, in fact, is one of Ms Howells's more interesting specimens; she seems to have perfected the melodramatic stereotyping of emotion Mrs Radcliffe began – 'Though the rose upon her cheek was pale, and the lustre of her eyes was fled, she was, from those circumstances (if less dazzling to the eye), more affecting to the heart . . .' And she provides some splendid moments of unconscious comedy, as with 'the beating heart of Mortimer, which, from its violent palpitation, seemed as if it would burst his bosom to find a passage to her feet'.

In short, the case for regarding Gothics as a sort of 'rehearsal' of primitive, murky emotions that were shortly to be dragged out into the light of day and 'normalised' (as by Jane Austen in *Northanger Abbey*) looks a good one. And yet, it's not really persuasive. Ms Howells has to underplay the masochism of Mrs Radcliffe's heroine, for instance, in order to argue that she was 'on the way to creating an Emma in Emily'; and one dimension of the continuous stylistic pastiche is surely that these writers assume there's an inevitable gulf between soul and sensation (they don't think you can be integrated). Problems of this kind loom even larger when the book gets on to Lewis and Maturin (not only feminine masochism, but male sadism), where 'pure delight in horror' has to be acknowledged. Even without the more metaphysical inversions of Godwin, Mary Shelley and Hogg (notable and unexplained omissions), you begin to get the feeling that it will take more than pluck and good sense to ventilate this cellarage.

Not so Ms Howells. She moves briskly on to *Jane Eyre* (her thesis showing in more senses than one) to argue that it reveals 'a significant progress beyond private fantasy and alienation back to the fully integrated personality'. There's not space in a review to take issue with this: however, Rochester ('Pain, shame, ire – impatience, disgust, detestation – seemed momentarily to hold a quivering conflict in the large pupil dilating under his ebon eyebrow') can hardly escape seeming a fantasy-object; and Jane's 'progress' may well seem more like a move from masochism to sadism than anything else.

Coral Ann Howells, contemplating the ending, finds 'nothing of romantic fantasy in Rochester's maimed physical condition' (burned, crippled, blinded): which makes me feel – as the book does in general – that she must be simply too nice and too sane for her subject. Jane may have given up on passive squirming, but she hasn't stepped out of her part to become a mainstream character – she's appropriated another (alienated) role. And Charlotte Brontë, at least if one judges from *Villette*, went on to imagine still more disintegrated psyches, more permanent repressions. One might indeed – especially with contemporary fiction in mind – argue for regress, rather than progress. Perhaps the moral is that literary historians need to learn to live with subterranean contradictions, and not to hanker after the enlightened, happy ending.

Craig Raine

Combustible Comestibles

These are the iron instruments of interrogation,
with which we torture the nuts until they crack

and suffer a breakdown under the strain,
and there is the hybrid tree that grows

in the living room for only twelve days,
with brittle, inedible fruit, cubist windfalls,

and candles like clowns, each with a feather,
balanced tipsily on the end of its nose.

After the turkey legs on castors, St George
blows out the flame and carves a prickly dragon

to get at the hoard of sixpenny pieces.
When the Queen appears, a little bit lined,

our decorations curtsey round the walls.
It is the periphrastic festival:

look at the flock of pipe-cleaner sheep,
the dead cow on its side in straw,

the crippled shepherds and pomegranate kings
all come to venerate this holy clothes-peg.

In the street, four footballers
pedal new bikes to celebrate, a cowboy

wearing his chaps over a pair of pyjamas
feeds black lipstick into a silver gun.

The rest of us talk to the backstroke champion
of heaven and earth about his wounds,

kneel and offer our heads on a plate,
for all the world like John the Baptist.

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ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

Charles Fox

We Got Rhythm

The Making of Jazz by JAMES LINCOLN COLLIER *Granada* £10
The Best of Jazz by HUMPHREY LYTTELTON *Robson* £5.25
Jazz City by LEROY OSTRANSKY *Prentice-Hall* £8 and £4.35

Growing up progressive in the 1930s meant that a lot of bright-eyed notions had eventually to stand the test of time. The necessity of revolution, the moral flawlessness of the working class: these and other would-be verities got discarded. Not so the wider-spread belief that blacks have a natural sense of rhythm. However carefully it was demonstrated that environment, not race, determined such matters, at heart one never doubted. Even wartime jam sessions, where black GIs often sounded less at ease than sidemen from the local palais, failed to dent that heresy.

Long before Detroit latched on to the idea, British jazz record collectors were certain that black was more beautiful. They were, to some extent, reacting against the taste of a slightly earlier generation, who had fallen for the politer, more accessible jazz of Red Nichols and Joe Venuti. Most formidably, though, it was an acknowledgment that all the jazz innovators – and most of the major soloists – did happen to be black. Quite a few jazz writers of the 1940s even subscribed to a kind of romantic marxism, seeing the black as the quintessential working man, defining jazz as a people's music.

Not long before, Benny Goodman and Artie Shaw had been raking in the dollars, profiting from the swing boom much more than, say, Count Basie or Jimmie Lunceford. But there was nothing new about white men – non-playing ones, more especially – doing better out of jazz than black musicians did. Irving Mills collected one-third, sometimes one-half, of the royalties on many of Duke Ellington's compositions merely, it is said, by contributing the titles (to be fair, he also managed the band). *Jazz City* quotes Joe Glaser as saying, apropos Chicago in the 1920s, 'They all worked for me. I owned and managed the Sunset and a couple of other places on the South side.'

Glaser went on to manage Louis Armstrong, who was, incidentally, fond of recalling a remark made to him by a New Orleans bouncer just before he set off to join King Oliver: 'Always keep a white man behind you that'll put his hand on you and say, "That's my nigger".' Deplorable, yes, but not unrealistic for a performer of Armstrong's generation and upbringing. A white man you could trust was useful – as Scott Joplin found with John Stark, his publisher. Jelly Roll Morton, on the other hand, probably half-believed that he was white (a trifle lighter-skinned and he would certainly have 'passed'). But Morton was a black Creole, one of that group of citizens of mixed blood, part French or Spanish, part African, who – up to the Civil War, anyway – occupied a special place in New Orleans society. The problem was that after Emancipation they were classed as negroes and lumped together with the newly freed slaves. Personally, it must have seemed tragic. Artistically, of course, the enforced partnership of cultured Creole musicians with untutored but talented blacks resulted in the creation of jazz.

James Lincoln Collier's history is refreshingly old-fashioned – and correctly so – in setting that event in New Orleans, just as it sticks to the theory of the Diaspora, with jazz not necessarily winding its way up the Mississippi but at least hurrying along the railroads. Musicians in other parts of the US, even the men who made up Fletcher Henderson's earliest band or brilliant New York ragtime-based pianists such as James P. Johnson or Willie 'The Lion' Smith, had to wait until they heard Armstrong or Bechet or Bessie Smith to find out the difference between a blue note and a minor third.

The way that the music spread, taking fresh identity in one conurbation after another – New Orleans, Chicago, Kansas City, New York – is the theme of Leroy Ostransky's book. Unfortunately, yet undeniably, jazz has often flourished most vigorously in corrupt surroundings; free-and-easy attitudes towards drinking, dancing, gambling and prostitution usually resulted in more night-spots for musicians to work in. It was true of the first three of those cities. Big Bill Thompson, Chicago's mayor (he rolled up 93 per cent of the black vote in 1927), and Kansas City's boss, Tom Pendergast (not until 1939 did he end up behind bars), could both be said to have done the music, if not the electorate, a good turn.

And the music is what Humphrey Lyttelton's book concentrates on. He writes elegantly and shrewdly about a series of records made between 1917 and 1930 (among the bonuses is a dissertation about what mute King Oliver used for his three choruses on *Dippermouth Blues*). One record is by McKenzie and Condon's Chicagoans; another is Bix Beiderbecke's *Singin' the Blues*. Lyttelton's image of Bix is of a young man secretly yearning for respectability (he grew up, after all, in a particularly law-abiding, middle-class home). To some extent Bix satisfied this by working in Paul Whiteman's Orchestra. Had he lived, Lyttelton suggests, he might easily have ended up commuting between Hollywood's recording studios.

Those young white Chicagoans, on the other hand, were more combative. Lyttelton quotes, with much fellow feeling, Eddie Condon's description of how they would play for audiences split between people wanting *Tiger Rag, Alice Blue Gown* and a Strauss waltz. 'Finally,' writes Condon, 'we decided to turn our backs . . . and enjoy ourselves. They were shocked, disgusted, irritated, bored and mad.' The beboppers of the 1940s were not the first jazz idealists who preferred to antagonise rather than sell out. But the appreciation of jazz as pure music has always been confined to a minority. Even within the black community jazz was something to be danced to, very much a functional music. Not until the 1950s, suggests Collier, was it possible for a big jazz star to become rich without compromising. Nobody, except Louis Armstrong, very much a public entertainer, had done so before.

As *The Making of Jazz* advances towards the present the opinions become less reliable. A friendly analysis of Charles Mingus, for instance, omits any mention of his two finest LPs, *Mingus Presents Mingus* and *The Black Saint And The Sinner Lady*. (Mingus might have taken a sardonic satisfaction in the fact that his death a fortnight ago won him wider coverage in the media – in Britain, anyway – than his music ever did.) There are odd misspellings: Gig Gryce, John McGlaughlin, David (instead of Derek) Bailey, Manfred Schoop, while John Dankworth gets listed as a trumpeter. Earlier on, *Shoe Shine Swing*, a vehicle for one of Lester Young's most famous solos, is described as a variation on *I Got Rhythm*, whereas it used the chords of a 1936 pop-song, *Shoe Shine Boy*. Yet the occasional goof, even a few patches of dull writing, cannot stop this being the best general history since Marshall Stearns's *The Story of Jazz*. Sensible seems the right word for it.

Theatre

David Harsent

False Dawn

Daughters of Men *Hampstead*
The Erpingham Camp *King's Head*

Around Hampstead Theatre the juggernauts boom and roar – a steady din overlaid, from time to time, by the zip and whine of a motor-bike, or a two-tone rasp as a sporty car-driver changes up in an attempt to beat the lights at Swiss Cottage. The other intrusive noise on this particular evening was the sound of your reporter scratching his head while puzzling over the title of Jennifer Phillips's play. And the progression of Jennifer Phillips's play. To say nothing of the *raison d'être* of Jennifer Phillips's play.

The action begins with our protagonist – Kate Lister, played by Frances de la Tour – listening, with mounting impatience, to a social worker who is reading passages from her recently completed report. It's a fairly heavily hobnailed device with which to clue in the audience on the plot's outline, but has, at least, the virtue of leaving us unconfused at some point. We learn that Kate is a reasonably well-off artists' agent, recently deserted by her husband, whose all-round weediness is amply demonstrated by the fact that he earns less than half her salary for doing something anonymous and part-time at the local Department of Housing. They are wrestling over the custody of their daughter, Sally, and from the tone of the social worker's report it seems pretty evident that Kate will get a quick step-over toe-hold and force a submission in the first round.

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Not so, of course. As the light fades on the duologue, so it comes up on the main set, and scenes from the recent past are introduced which, together with further exchanges between Kate and the social worker, begin to lead us to the notion that there are one or two skeletons in Kate's tastefully designed closets. She has a young lover – one of her clients – whom she rejects and clings to by turns; her relationship with her daughter is sometimes pally, sometimes authoritative; her best friend irritates, then delights her. We conclude that she's unstable; though our understanding comes more from the heavy-handedness of the writing than from any well-judged vacillation in tone from Frances de la Tour, whose emotional monotone leads one, finally, to the conclusion that she's delivering the lines while actually thinking of something else. An inelegantly organised reversal occurs when Kate locks the child into her bedroom for three days, fearing mistakenly that her husband might abduct her, thereby demonstrating that she is unfit to have custody.

None of that is very puzzling, I agree. Thin, yes, and dispensed with in next to no time if given its best length. The confusion comes from the way in which Miss Phillips fills the gulf between intro and punch-line. There's a bit of drawing-room comedy when an American art-dealer (i.e. Philistine) and his bone-headed blonde sex-object are wheeled on – both of them stereotypes to the follicle. There are tiny tear-jerkers as Kate reacts to mysterious, disembodied cries of 'Mummy'. There are moments of deliberate farce as lover and husband fail to dodge each other. Worst of all, there are passages of nippy repartee between Kate and her husband – who seems to indicate, by the speed, inventiveness and sophistication of his responses, that, though he may be a nothing at County Hall, he's probably moonlighting as a scriptwriter for *The Two Ronnies.*

If the play was ever intended to possess a point of view, or even something vaguely resembling a mild opinion, then it's neatly and efficiently buried. As for the title: your guess . . . Unless it is supposed to allude to the idea that mother and daughter are in some way oppressed by lover and husband/father. But with all those slick jokes, gauche Yanks and mirth-jerking confrontations – no, it can't be.

Daughters of Men, it seems, began life as a radio play. *The Erpingham Camp,* an early play by Joe Orton, was originally commissioned for TV, then re-written after *Loot* proved a success. The programme note takes things further by mentioning the Bacchae; but dubious derivations aside, it's still a very good example of Orton's black, farcical style. A neat flight of fancy puts authority, the family, class divisions and the church under one roof, as it were, at a holiday camp, where Peter Vaughan presides over the grotesqueries of chalet life with vicious paternalism. A raucous competition in the main hall gets badly out of hand and anarchy spreads as infuriated campers savage the redcoats, rape lady entertainers and finally march on the inner sanctum where Erpingham waits in morning-dress, flanked by the padre and a portrait of the Queen.

Apart from an overlong diversion – probably introduced in the re-write – when a camp entertainment is presented in a way that makes the audience become the punters, Orton's pacing is invariably effective. He always had a perfect ear for pompous circumlocution and for the strangled diction of received clichés. The spite is evident and vastly enjoyable, as is the way in which violent and ungovernable circumstance – serving violent and ungovernable motives – takes over by a series of small, cleverly promoted dramatic lesions. One thing, in Orton's work, invariably leads to two others, each more extreme than the other. By and large, the shifts are made verbally – it's the essence of his brand of farce, unique and delightfully unnerving, and by no means easy to perform. The cast, though, is faultless in its delivery: never leaning too hard on an inflection and always avoiding the pitfalls of cuteness or parody. Nor do they put a foot wrong on a crowded postage stamp of a stage, thanks to Stewart Trotter's capable direction.

Sport

Russell Davies

Gaff Course

The TV-commentator-shooting season is open again, I see. My good friend the TV critic of the *Observer* potted his traditional couple of brace last Sunday, and the Hon. Julian Barnes (who in any case poaches throughout the year) has been taking his steady toll of low-flying victims. I was looking in when Frank Bough promised 'more fulsome coverage' of the cricket, and could almost hear Barnes's teeth grinding as he reloaded for the inevitable kill. For myself, I am content to bag the occasional Gubba, though I could be tempted out into the rough stuff again if things carry on deteriorating. Masterly/masterful is the studio boys' latest little favourite. They *could* conceivably mean masterful when they say masterful, but the trouble is that they don't.

The three sports that have particularly urgent commentary problems at present are darts, table-tennis and skiing. All three are growing in the public consciousness and esteem (what game isn't? even cock-fighting and badger-baiting have their new slavering adherents); but verbally they are already banging right up against their limits. With the darts commentator I do sympathise. He has to pass up so much good material. Easily the most interesting thing he faces as he presses the lip-mike to his moustache is the Hogarthian figure of the darts star himself: huge, jowly, roughly-chewed of coiffure. He seems to sweat light ale even as you look at him. If the word 'bellicose' did not exist, you would have to invent it in honour of his dead-eyed, bulging, bruiser's mien. The obvious thing for a commentator to do would be to pass some mildly rude remarks: 'Here comes Leyland Hughes. He looks even worse when he's concentrating', or 'Up steps sausage-fingered, dirty-shaven Dave Boot. Any takers, ladies?' Instead, the poor dutiful sap has to make outrageous futile remarks about the landing-site of the missiles. 'A brilliant start!' he will gasp, as the first dart hits the treble-twenty bed. It is, indeed, the best start available, but in point of brilliance quite indistinguishable from all the other treble twenties we have seen.

In fact, commentary on TV darts could and perhaps should be carried on exclusively in terms of minutely variegated intakes of breath. The only time words are of any use is in suggesting, towards the end of a game, the various numerical routes to a finish; but here the player's mind is made up far faster than the commentator can survey the alternatives – so fast, producers are finding that it takes highly numerate cameramen and a croupier-brained vision-mixer to keep close track of a good three-dart finish. For these reasons among many – and wouldn't a double to start as well as to finish give the championship game more variety of shape and tension? – the fascination of TV darts is already showing signs of its exhaustibility.

Table-tennis is the game where the BBC's commentator recently complained that you do run out of things to say. Well, yes, if you are continually looking for paraphrases and extensions of basic inescapable exclamations – e.g. 'What wonderfully resourceful and athletic play by these two Chinese competitors, who may or may not be hamming it up!' – you will find you run out almost at once. The thing to do is to have enough technical knowledge to be able to say, even amid the antiphonal flurry of ping and pong, what weaknesses are being exploited on each side of the net (or in the case of two Chinese, what strengths pandered to). The BBC does already employ an expert on this topic, and his casual interpolations would actually be quite enough to sustain the televisual glow of the game. I am afraid, treacherous to my profession, that the day of the demagogic journalist ('well, I ask you, have you ever seen the like, these two are putting on a masterful display') is drawing to a close. The sheer speed and relentlessness of modern competition require the provision of information; mere astonishment embarrasseth.

The American solution, if their recent Rose Bowl recording is a guide, turns out to be a whole bank or committee of chippers-in, each armed with his speciality: statistics, experience of the occasion, a 'provocative' summary, possibly even the 'gift of phrase' itself. It is hard to see how the BBC could afford this panelled luxury, so for the time being things are bound to get worse. Alan Weeks, whose inwardness with the mechanised jargon of skating represents a rare case of self-made manhood among commentators, will be sent out to get more and more lost among minority sports – he is already at full stretch trying to convince himself that 'ends' in bowls are not 'frames'; while David Vine will be on hand every time a sport threatens to overlap into a 'leisure activity'. Vine's ski commentaries – again some token sympathy is due – follow hopelessly after the fact. He can't tell us how things are going because he's no better than we are at distinguishing a 55-second dash from 55·4 second dawdle. That's why he so gratefully crows 'That's a BAD FALL!' in his best tocsin-ringing voice as the ragdoll limbs of some hubristic Hun come windmilling to rest in a cloud of snow and chicken-wire. It was Vine who recently lamented, after a young Swiss ski tyro had had a World Cup victory snatched from him in the last swoosh, that the lad had been 'robbed by Bürgler'. Did he intend a Europun? Perhaps it is as well that we cannot tell. Maybe we can convince ourselves these are the good old days of TV sport even yet.

John Coleman will return next week.

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Television

Julian Barnes

The Ur King

Quis custodiet old, distinguished and ennobled ex-*custodies*? Publishers are often stuck with their own board-squatters; and in rather the same way the BBC will doubtless continue to persuade itself for some years to come that the orotund Sir Huw Wheldon adds – what, weight and dignity? – to any television programme he fronts. In *The Library of Congress* (BBC-2) Wheldon was at his most bland, pompous and celebratory; and it wasn't just the known presence on BBC-1 of *Big Deal at Dodge City* – to which every sensible viewer must have retuned – which made him seem so. His programme, at an hour and a half, felt at least twice its merited length; partly, of course, because of Wheldon's vexing delivery, which inserts either *ur* or *ar* as a grace-note between most words. The effect is to make the most trivial remark appear to be long-pondered as to content and expression: 'These *ur* boxes *ar* are' (it may have been 'are *ar*') 'full of *ur* papers . . . These *ur* shelves . . .' Wheldon's other modes of verbal padding include the duplicated cliché – 'As usual there's a *cataract* of them [ur, books], a *flood*' – and the quadruple affirmative ('Yes yes yes yes'). And this phonemic excess, this – what shall we say? – superfluity of vocables is backed up by a whole range of Marceau gestures. Wheldon conducts a conversation in both senses: a pointed finger of affirmation stabs out at his interlocutor, as if to say 'You may be smart, but you must agree I've got to be smart to see that you're smart'; and he specialises in a strange downward patting motion of both palms, as if he were laying royal hands on scores of invisible kneeling students, brought to him to be cured of scrofula.

It looks a patronising gesture; but on the same hand, it looks in character. 'It's a very witty reply and what's more it may be sound' is hardly the way for a man of Wheldon's modest intellectual calibre to address the eminent Daniel J. Boorstin, even if he has just put you down. All Wheldon's bonhomous buffoonery, his irritating verbal style (a Lord David Cecil whoop has now entered his range of sounds), and his pub patriotism ('The hydrofoil? I thought *we* invented the hydrofoil') wouldn't matter a damn, of course, if his portrait of the library had been comprehensive, exciting, quirky, etc. In fact, it contained the information of a 50-cent guide-book, and was lovingly coloured by Wheldon's own prejudices. One of the Library's most important – and, at its inception, brave – exercises has been its fieldwork in gathering and recording jazz and blues music; it's probably the most far-sighted piece of active librarianship this century. Wheldon duly ignored it, and devoted his section on music to asking the leader of the Juilliard Quartet how good his violin was, and reminiscing about his own record collection.

David Attenborough's enthusiasm is of a much more engaging quality: to see him hush his voice so as not to startle a giant Galapagos tortoise across whose naturally selected hull he is addressing the camera is to watch a man sensitive to, and attractively in awe of, his material. *Life on Earth* (BBC-2) looks to be necessary viewing, and the photography in the opening clips – presumably highlights from future episodes – was stunning. A green, transparent frog flew like a bat from tree to tree; an anteater riotously snorted back a whole noseful of ants; an iguana clinging to a Galapagan rock watched with a sort of resigned distaste as yet another wave came and washed it off. Attenborough's first episode didn't get beyond microfossils and sponges; even at this primitive level, it did little to disabuse one of the conclusion suggested by most natural history series: that being an animal is a dog's life.

The long-haired cattle in *Women in Love* (BBC-2) acted extremely well; and after skittish Glenda Jackson had camped around with them for several minutes, Oliver Reed, operating on full glower power, demanded of her, 'Why are you behaving in this impossible and ridiculous fashion?' – to which she failed to give the correct answer, 'Because we are both in a Ken Russell movie.' Lawrence's silly propositions made an appropriate sandwich round Melvyn Bragg's *South Bank Show* interview with Françoise Sagan (LWT). Quite why anyone thought she needed interviewing is a puzzling question; perhaps Bragg was intrigued to meet a writer of fiction as different from his own as it is possible to get. She proved a sympathetic enough inhabitant of the Fernet-and-Ferrari belt, vainly trying in life and fiction to plead sad-little-rich-girl and at the same time keep a Ferragamo foot in the door of the Académie Française. Her claim that her descriptions of love and pain and the whole damn thing among rich night-clubbers were of universal application seemed not a little hopeful; and her 'proof' – that a village shoemaker had once written to say he had suffered in the same way as one of her heroes – needed some bulking out. Nor was she wholly free of Gallic piss. Bragg asked her if she thought writing was related to illness. 'Everything is related to illness,' she answered, 'walking is related to illness.' Presumably she was referring to all those joggers checking out. Then it occurred to one that she could have said working – or waking, or hawking, or wanking; but on reflection, it didn't matter much whichever way.

The week's real woman writer was the author of the first of BBC-2's *American Short Stories*. The series began excellently with Flannery O'Connor's *The Displaced Person*, a story both lush and arid about the disruptive arrival of an efficient Polish D.P. on a lazy, sleepy, white-trash farm in Georgia. Its touches of over-ripeness and rural gothic were finely weighted against the wryly caught – and very funny – illogic of poor-white speech. The adaptation was properly loyal; the location-shooting ideal; and Irene Worth, her face fixed in the expression of a woman who in her time has spotted too many dirty milk churns at 50 paces, held the main character (not to mention her accent) perfectly in place. Equally lush to look at, and equally enriched by a remarkable female performance, is *Rebecca* (BBC-2). Joanna David as the pretty-plain, shy-bold heroine, is so surprisingly plausible amongst the high-class corn that she sets off in one a quite disproportionate burst of grovelling yet manly protectiveness – not to mention an urge to sock that cad with the pad, Maxim de Winter, for failing to realise immediately her true worth. Sweaty weeks ahead, I fear: like driving along the Grande Corniche without brakes.

Art

John Spurling

Dark Ladies

Painting in Florence, 1600-1700 *Royal Academy, until 18 February*
Saul Steinberg *Serpentine*

Colnaghi is a familiar name. Allori and Dolci are slightly less so. But who has heard of Curradi, Furini, Lupicini, Pignoni or Vignali? All except the first are Florentine painters of the 17th-century, and we are indebted to Colnaghi for the remarkable loan exhibition of their work at the Royal Academy. Suspicious as ever of commercialism, noting that three-quarters of the paintings on display are still in private hands in this country, one is at first inclined to set the show down as a dealer's gambit, an attempt to revive interest in work which might yet come profitably to market.

One's next reaction is that the paintings cater to a somewhat specialised taste. Dolci's line in youthful innocents accompanied by severed heads (Salome with the Baptist's laid on a white napkin delicately blood-spattered and David with Goliath's whose huge black bruise has dripped blood down his nose); Pignoni's penchant for languidly ecstatic saints bending away across the canvas (St Sebastian from his ropes and arrows and St Praxedis from the mutilated remains of Christian martyrs whose blood she is devoutly squeezing into a large metal pot); Furini's naked-breasted Sigismunda leaning intimately, cheek on hand, over a dish containing her murdered lover's heart: all suggest a curious cross between the Jacobean and the Victorian, blood and pale sentiment.

Much is explained by the historical circumstances of Florence at this period. Nominally ruled by the cultivated Medici Grand Dukes, the city was actually dominated by a religious matriarchy consisting of Cosimo II's wife and mother, who brought up and groomed to succeed them, as Ferdinando II's wife, the bird-brained Vittoria della Rovere. A painting by Sustermans in the exhibition shows the senators of Florence swearing allegiance to the eight-year-old Ferdinando. The tiny, thin-faced boy, perched like a doll on the black-canopied throne, is pressed between his two monumental, hard-faced regents, whose triangular black veils make them appear more like executioners than his nearest and dearest female relations. Everyone is dressed in black and seems to be taking part in some stony, other-worldly ritual, a scene as it were from *Star Wars* or *Superman*. Only the foreground figures of a naked river-god representing the Arno and a buxom lady representing Tuscany are painted to look like flesh and blood. Between 1620 and 1700, according to Charles McCorquodale's detailed and handsomely illustrated catalogue, the number of monks in Florence rose from 4,000 to 10,000.

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But although the majority of the 56 paintings in the show are religious in subject, only those I have mentioned are luridly so, unless one adds Dolci's arrow-struck *St Ursula* and Allori's *Judith with the Head of Holofernes*. Dolci was the Grand Duchess Vittoria's favourite painter. He is still the best-remembered artist of the school and is given a whole room to himself, but oddly enough, since it was Ruskin's denunciation of him which caused them all to sink into disfavour, he now seems the most Victorian and the least easy to like. Allori, on the other hand, not only emerges as an outstanding painter but also counters the baleful effects of Dolci's piety and teaches one to look at the whole school with mounting admiration.

There is nothing lurid about the *Judith* except its subject and even that is more subtle than immediately appears. The melancholy, long-nosed head (with an anguished frown between the eyebrows), which Judith dangles at the bottom of the picture by a hank of its black fluffy hair, is that of Allori himself. The painting is seen from below, so that the spectator is placed on a level with his head. Judith, wearing a golden, quilted gown over spotless white sleeves, with a flying red cloak and a brigand-like sash, is turned sideways towards her right hand which, grasping the hilt of the sword, disappears out of the picture. Her head, turned back against the movement of her body, looks down, coolly, even contemptuously, at the knee-high spectator and completes a taut serpentine curve which starts with Holofernes'/Allori's nose and runs up her own left arm and shoulder. Her flawlessly beautiful face – that of Allori's unkind mistress, La Mazzafirra – is the visual equivalent of Shakespeare's sonnet 'They That Have Power to Hurt': 'Who moving others, are themselves as stone'. Behind Judith/La Mazzafirra, staring at her with a mixture of horror and deference, is her mother.

None of the other paintings in the exhibition is quite in the *Judith*'s class, but many of them – especially Curradi's *The Toilet of Susanna*, Vignali's *Hagar and the Angel*, Pignoni's *The Mystic Marriage of St Catherine of Alexandria* – share certain qualities with it. The 17th-century Florentines are masters of the dramatic close-up. The scenes they depict – sometimes including several actors, sometimes only one, as in Il Volterrano's *Diana Resting* or Lupicini's *The Repentant Magdalen* – are private and intense, done with a marvellous restraint of expression and gesture, but richly costumed, caressingly lit and powerfully three-dimensional. Above all these artists excel at painting beautiful women, not as idealisations but as individuals with both passion and intelligence – *divas* certainly, but real ones that walk the earth.

Why the Arts Council has chosen to start the year at the Serpentine with Saul Steinberg is not very clear. The late Harold Rosenberg makes ludicrously pretentious claims for him in the book of the show (*Saul Steinberg* Deutsch £12.50). Although he is an original and occasionally witty cartoonist with a Pirandellian delight in the art that swallows its own tail – Cubist spectators at an exhibition, figures drawn in two different styles dancing with one another – his cartoons don't add up to pictures that can be enjoyed once their intellectual point has been taken. His lines are flaccid, he creates no sense of movement and, content with the anecdotal doodle, he seems unaware that animating a whole area of space is as integral to making a picture as drawing lines or dabbing in colour. Steinberg's more recent art-jokes – fake artist's drawing-boards and deliberately banal landscapes – are absurdly overplayed and over-displayed; altogether one wonders why he, said to be a reticent man, lent himself to this piece of art-inflation. It must have been one of his jokes.

Weekend Competition

No 2550 **Set by Ms de Meaner**

In the *Evening Standard* last week, Edna O'Brien revealed that it is not just Pope John Paul I who writes to strangers:

> Late at night, when fantasy and freedom take full rein, I have penned a few letters to people by whom I am either incensed, amused, bemused, besotted, or whose influence I daftly imagine could change the world by one little fraction. These are a few of the targets, but the contents I reserve for posterity: Prince Andrew, Kate Bush, Enoch Powell, Mary Whitehouse, Kevin Keegan, Will Rogers, Margaret Thatcher, Richard Ingrams, Esther Rantzen, R. D. Laing, Moss Evans, Stanley Kubrick, John Travolta and Denis Healey.

Let us not wait on posterity: compose one of those O'Brien missives, with or without the reply it might draw. 150 words maximum; by 9 February.

Result of No 2547 **Set by Al Vaporetto**

We asked you, as a follow-up to Gavin Ewart's request in the columns of the NS, to write a limerick beginning 'There was a young lady of Ulva'.

Report **by Gavin Ewart**

The difficulty in this Competition consists of finding good rhymes for Ulva, which is a small Scottish island to the west of Mull. The obvious rhyme, in the true limerick tradition, is 'vulva'. The vowel must sound like the vowel of 'dull' in Southern Standard English. This excludes 'pullover', 'Bulova' (wrist-watches) and French phrases like '*mon cul va*'. 'Volga', 'vulgar', '*culpa*', 'solver' and 'revolver' are not rhymes. If you pronounce 'revolver' with an Antipodean accent, as one competitor suggested, this is tantamount to cheating. 'Maggie Tulliver' isn't a rhyme either.

This leaves, of the straight rhymes, 'culver' (either a dove or a small hand-gun mentioned by Sir Walter Scott), 'pulver' (= dust, a Latin word), 'fulva' (ditto = tawny), 'ulva' (the laver or sea-lettuce). There are also place-names, Reculver (a ruined castle in Kent), Tulva (USSR) and Culver City, California; and 'halva' (the Turkish sweet), which at first sight seems the most promising of all. The poet Anthony Rudolf alerted me to its suitability in a private letter written before the Competition was conceived.

The entries divided themselves fairly easily into the latinate ones (*fulva* in Italian doesn't rhyme, though), those that used 'culver' and 'Reculver' (or even the late actor Roland Culver), and those that used ingenuity ('nul va-/ginal') or took a leaf out of W. S. Gilbert's limerick book and sidestepped the whole thing (T. Johnston was the best example of this – his line 'Who kept a pet bee in her hand-bag' had the right zaniness). Entrants who wrote this limerick in Scots also had an advantage, as far as I was concerned, since this showed that at least they knew where Ulva *was*; though I was a little doubtful about 'sulva' (= silver) since most Scots would say 'siller' – and emphasise the 'r' at the end of the word. Still, David Fisher's was the best of the overtly Caledonian ones; 'a rather guid vulva' seems typical cautious statement. Charles Hennessy, though he like T. Griffiths had the right fantastic touch, is at fault in claiming, or believing, that the vulva is muscular. Surely, as letter-writers say, it is just an opening – a mouth, as it were. One medical competitor referred to the girl opening her four lips.

Barbara E. Goff charmed me with her two inner lines ('Va/ginal climaxes/came as rarely as taxis'). This sort of cleverness is what it is all about. Bill Greenwell was the most way out, linguistically. His limerick, in Stage Drunk, is not too far beyond rhyme and reason either; though the 'little people' belong more to Ireland, the Islanders of the Hebrides are often credited with the possession of 'the second sight'. Fleur Adcock, too, realised that the activities of Scotsmen were in question.

My own effort (Rudolf-inspired rhyme and all) goes:

> There was a young lady of Ulva
> Who was famed far and wide for her vulva.
> Most Englishmen said
> It was herrings and bread –
> But the Turks said it tasted of halva.

Honourable mentions go to Douglas Gibson and Peter Veale. Prizes of £5 each to T Griffiths and Barbara E. Goff, £4 each to Bill Greenwell and T. Johnston, £3 each to Fleur Adcock and David Fisher. £2 each to the rest.

There was a young lady of Ulva,
Who said, 'I have granted a culver,
One fox and a vole,
Two mice and a mole,
A refuge from Man in my vulva.'

T. GRIFFITHS

There was a young lady of Ulva
Whose sexual responses were null. Va-
ginal climaxes
came as rarely as taxis
And she'd nothing but void in her vulva.

BARBARA E. GOFF

There was a young lady of Ulva
Who drunkenly said 'What a hulva
Party ya mizd,
Why, I gozzo pizd
I saw more lil people than Gullva.'

BILL GREENWELL

There was a young lady of Ulva,
Who kept a pet bee in her hand-bag,
Her lover called Jock
Was stung on the arm,
So to soothe him she bought him a box
of best Turkish delight.

T. JOHNSTON

There was a young lady of Ulva
Who ceased to complain what a dull Va-
Gina she'd got
When an oil-drilling Scot
Set up a large rig on her vulva.

FLEUR ADCOCK

There was a wee lassie of Ulva,
Who was blessed wi' a rather guid vulva.
'For a fiver,' she'd say,
'You can ha' me all day –

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If you've no notes, I'll make do wi' sulva.'
DAVID FISHER

There was a puella of Ulva
With *coma* gold-tawny, or *fulva*,
To match the blonde frilly
Tufts in her *axillae*
And the triangle over her *vulva*.
TOM BREWER

There was a young lady of Ulva
Who gleefully claimed to have pulver-
ised dildoes, a cock
And some Morecambe Bay Rock
With a squeeze of her muscular vulva.
CHARLES HENNESSY

There was a young lady of Ulva
Used a four-letter word for the vulva;
And equally blunt,
I likened her front
To the famous twin towers of Reculver.
G. A. SHIRES

There was a young lady of Ulva
Who let gentlemen nibble her vulva,
A Briton one night
Said 'Turkish delight'
But the Turk said the flavour was halva.
HARVEY COLE

There was a young lady of Ulva,
A militant Ms, who could pulver-
ise all MCPs
With remarkable ease
Though she talked through the back
of her head.
JOHN MOLE

There was a young lady of Ulva
Who greatly admired Roland Culver:
She pursued him for years
After 'French Without Tears'
With poems and offerings of halva.
I. GOODWIN

There was a young lady of Ulva
Whose boy-friend said, 'Look, I will pulver-
ise any of you blokes
Who try to make blue jokes
Concerning my Ulva girl's vulva.'
STANLEY J. SHARPLESS

A studious woman from Ulva
pressed delicate flowers in her vulva:
Her treasures were two
ends of hyssop from Kew
and *Anemone blandula fulva*.
MILES BURROWS

There was a young lady from Ulva,
Whose music-hall turn with a culver,
Evoked great applause,
As she tore off her drawers,
And induced it to swoop up her vulva.
RUSSELL LUCAS

There was a young Woman of Ulva,
A location which I now disculva
Is a small Scottish Island:
As Scotland's not misland,
There's small chance she'll make
me her lulva.
MALCOLM CROW

Tony Miles

Chess

No 117 **Soviet Championship**

The latest Soviet Championship was of rather more interest than usual. It was won by GMs Tal and Tseshkovsky with 11/17 ahead of Polugaevsky 10, Georgadze 9½ and the standard string of medium strong grandmasters. The performance that really caught the eye, though, came half way down. It was that of G. Kasparov who finished in ninth place with 8½ points.

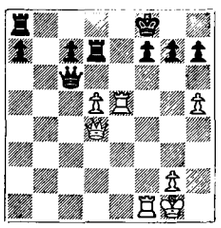
Kasparov, for those who have yet to hear of him, is the latest Soviet embryo superstar. He is just 15 years old and this was his first real test. Several Russian players have expressed to me the opinion that he has more natural talent than Karpov, and on this showing that seems to be no exaggeration. To be thrown into a tournament of such strength – two thirds of the players strong GMs – and to emerge with 50 per cent is quite phenomenal.

Kasparov was born Gary Weinstein, but, when his talent was recognised, the powers-that-be decided he should have a more 'suitable' name.

This week's game is probably his most sensational of the championship.

White: G. Kasparov **Black: L. Polugaevsky**

1.P-K4, P-QB4; 2.N-KB3, P-K3; 3.P-Q4, PxP; 4. NxP, P-QR3; 5.N-QB3, Q-B2; 6.B-K2, P-QN4; 7.B-B3, B-N2; 8.0-0, N-QB3; 9.NxN, PxN; 10.P-K5!? A new idea. **10... QxP; 11.R-K1, Q-B2; 12.B-R5,** All very aggressive, but it's hard to believe that it can be sound. However, Polugaevsky is notoriously nervous when faced with new ideas in the opening. **12... B-K2; 13.RxP, P-N3;** If Black just wants an early game 13 ... N-B3 solves all his problems. Not unnaturally Polugaevsky tries for more. **14.R-K1, R-Q1?!** But this is fishy. Black should take the bishop and try to weather the storm. **15.Q-B3, P-QB4;** Or ... PxB; 16. B-B4, **16.B-B4, Q-N3;** Black has several ways to gain two pieces for a rook, but his king is still unhappy in the centre. **17.Q-N3, PxB; 18.B-B7, Q-N3; 19.BxR, QxQ; 20.RPxQ, KxB; 21.QR-Q1ch, K-B2; 22.N-Q5ch, BxN; 23.RxB, P-R3; 24.RxP, R-R2; 25.R(5)-K5, K-Q2; 26.R(5)-K3, R-N2; 27.R-Q3ch, K-B2; 28.R-R3, R-N3; 29.R-KB3, B-B3?!** After 29 ... R-N2 Black should not lose, but doubtless Polugaevsky still felt obliged to try to beat his young opponent, and in doing so allowed the White rooks to penetrate his position. From now on Black is in serious trouble. **30.P-B3, K-Q2; 31.R-Q3ch, K-B2; 32.R-K8, N-K2; 33.R(8)-Q8, N-B3; 34.R(8)-Q7ch, K-N3; 35.RxP, B-K2; 36.R-K3, B-Q3; 37.P-KB4, P-B5; 38.K-R2, B-B4; 39.R-K2, P-N5; 40.R-K4, PxP; 41.PxP, B-B7; 42.RxP, BxPch; 43.K-R3, B-K8; 44.P-R4, N-R4; 45.R-N4ch, K-B4;** A final blunder, but on ... K-B3; 46.R-B5, still wins, e.g. ... BxP; 47.RxN, BxR; 45.RxPch. **46.R-B5ch** Resigns.



Problem 117

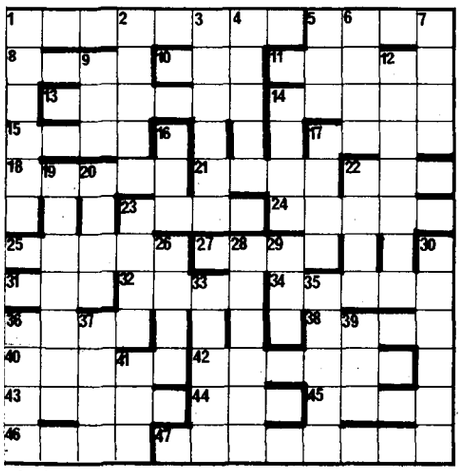
White to play. How should the game go? Answers to me at the NEW STATESMAN postmarked not later than 7 February.

Solution to Problem 115

1.P-N4! (only move) R-B6; 2.Q-K8ch, K-N2; 3.Q-K7ch, R-B2; 4.Q-K3, P-R4! 5.PxP (5.QxB is better, but ... QxPch; 6.K-R1, N-Q6; is still good for Black), Q-KB4! 6.Q-K2, Q-N4ch; 7.K-R1, B-N5; wins for Black.

Salamanca 14: 'Knock-Knock!'

PRIZES. Book tokens of £2 for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Salamanca 14, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ, by first post 6 February.



For each italicised clue one must imagine that player A has said, 'Knock, knock,' B has replied 'Who's there?', A has produced a Name, B has asked 'Name who?' and A completed the game by singing Name and the rest of the song's line (the clue). Thus; A. 'Clive'. B. 'Clive who?' A. 'Clive every mountain'; 'Kay sera sera'; 'Emery's are made of this', etc. Unchecked letters of names make – Clemency me – Carrie on – Liza never ear.

ACROSS

1 *Name roads must a man walk down?* (8).
5 *Name ty-six trombones* (4).
8 *Name life I'll be your Valentine* (4).
10 *Name one morning* (3).
11 Ridge part of square tent (5).
13 *Name to the garden, Maud* (6).
14 Electrician doing some cabling? (5).
15 Evil sort of swamp (4).
17 Game for a better? (4).
18 *Name loving I will send to you* (5).
21 Containing some round protuberances (4).
22 *Name a song at twilight* (3).
23 Birds making quick turns, say (4).
24 *Name ly had time* (5).
25 *Name out the barrel* (5).
27 Neat xenomaniac! (4).
31 *Name apple for the teacher* (3).
32 Peculiar sensations of girl losing head (4).
34 Lichens in America (New England) (5).
36 *Name, what can the matter be?* (4).
38 The lady's right at all times (4).
40 *Name red, red robin* (5).
42 *Name a tear has to fall* (6).
43 *Name old iron* (5).
44 With which Mac beholds close of day (3).
45 God's one throne (4).
46 How to detect burning taper? (4).
47 *Name in Spain* (8).

DOWN

1 *Name up the stairs* (6).
2 *Name 's making eyes at me* (5).
3 No life-giving compound? (6).
4 Material, out of fashion, but on the rise? (5).
5 More respectful title than sir, somehow? (3).
6 *Name couple of swells* (4).
7 *Name, my God, to Thee* (4).
9 *Name each day in your life* ... (3).
12 *Name was an ugly duckling (7).*
14 Puff of no fixed abode? (4).
16 Peeping Tom's peer? (3).
17 Gladly compelled to imagine all have passed (4).
19 *Name hope and glory* (7).
20 Imitate a cow to a point? (4).
22 *Name 't put your daughter on the stage* (4).
23 *Name I'm calling you* (4).
26 *Name bones, sleeping in the sun* (4).
28 *Name heart for me* (6).
29 Itch – in Norfolk and Suffolk specifically? (3).
30 *Name makes the world go round* (6).
33 *Name ver in the clover* (5).
35 *Name song of sixpence* (5).
36 *Name the saints go marching in* (4).
37 Hotels favoured by Poles? (4).
39 E.g. The Icknield Way? Come off it, no longer used? (3).
41 Long to merge – with insensibility? (3).

Solution to No 1289

Prizewinners to No 1289

D. Kemp (London SW6)
R. J. Rogers (Walsall)
N. Gough (Worsley)

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APPOINTMENTS

BALGAY SCHOOL, DUNDEE

HEAD

Salary Range: £7,091-£9,893

Due to the forthcoming retirement of the present Headmaster after 18 years in post, applications are invited for the above position.

This List 'D' school has accommodation for 40 girls and an experimental care unit, Duncan House, for a further 10 girls. The main school has recently been reorganised into 4 separate houses, each with its own multi-disciplinary team. The school as a whole is concerned with the task of offering help to adolescent girls under stress, encouraging the development of individual relationships founded on trust and mutual responsibility.

The successful candidate, male or female, should be interested in continuing the school's tradition of imaginative and positive child care. The new Head will be able to count on the support of an active, interested and independent Board of Managers.

Applicants should be qualified teachers or social workers and should have had appropriate experience of residential care of difficult children. Good administrative experience is essential. Salary is in the range quoted above with placing according to qualifications and experience. Temporary accommodation is available. However, the private housing sector is well catered for in Dundee.

Applicants should give full personal details, including information about degrees or diplomas obtained and details of posts held, all with dates. Also included should be the names and addresses of two professional referees. Applications should reach the Official Correspondent, **N. M. Sharp, City House, 16 Overgate, Dundee by 26 February 1979.**

AMENITIES AND WORKS DEPARTMENT—LIBRARY SERVICE

AFRO-CARIBBEAN COMMUNITY LIBRARIAN

ASIAN COMMUNITY LIBRARIANS (2)

Grade: AP5 (Salary scale £5,058 to £5,358 inclusive)

These posts have been created to extend library and information services to particular ethnic groups within Brent's multi-cultural community.

The postholders will be expected to support library staff at all levels in the development of the Library Service and to work closely with a variety of local groups and individuals Borough-wide.

A knowledge of Afro-Caribbean literature, life and culture is required for the former post, and of the literature, language(s) and culture of the South Asian sub-continent for the latter.

Library qualifications are desirable.

Enthusiasm, imagination and communication skills are essential. Generous relocation expenses are available.

For informal discussion please ring Mr B. Totterdell, Borough Librarian and Curator on 01-459 5242.

Application forms and job descriptions available from the **Administration Manager, Room 708, Brent House, High Road, Wembley, Middlesex** returnable 8 February.

London Borough of **BRENT**

Telephone 01-903 0371 (24 hour Ansafone Service). Reference number A/87/JD must be quoted.

NATIONAL EXTENSION COLLEGE

BASIC SKILLS UNIT

The National Extension College in association with the Manpower Services Commission is establishing a Basic Skills Unit to prepare learning packs for use in the Youth Opportunities Programme. The packs will cover literacy, numeracy, life and social skills and pre-vocation skills. Applications are invited for the following posts:

MATERIALS DEVELOPMENT OFFICERS

Three Officers to plan and commission the learning packs, pilot them in association with local bodies and revise and prepare for publication. Applicants should be able to offer experience in at least one of: basic education teaching, work with young unemployed, industrial training, ethnic minorities. Salary scale: FE Lecturer II (£4,101 to £6,558).

SECRETARY/ADMINISTRATIVE ASSISTANT

One secretary/administrative assistant to work in the Unit. Salary around £3,000 p.a.

Application forms and further details are available from Pat Gouldstone at NEC (Tel: 0223-63465).

NATIONAL EXTENSION COLLEGE, 18 Brooklands Avenue, Cambridge CB2 2HN.

AUSTRALIAN NATIONAL UNIVERSITY

Applications are invited for appointment to the following:

JOHN CURTIN SCHOOL OF MEDICAL RESEARCH

Department of Physical Biochemistry — Research Fellows: Applicants should be interested in joining a group engaged in one of the following fields of research: the physical and chemical characterisation of biological macromolecules; interacting protein systems including studies on subunit assembly, self-associations and acceptorligand binding (Professor L. W. Nichol and Dr P. D. Jeffrey); comparative studies of sequences of lactoferrin, lactalbumin and lysozyme (Dr H. A. McKenzie and Dr D. C. Shaw); circular dichroic and calorimetric studies of protein denaturation and hydration (Dr H. A. McKenzie); physical and kinetic studies on sulphatases and related enzymes (Dr A. B. Roy); molecular orbital and nmr studies of the conformation, structure-activity relations and binding of drugs, neurotransmitters and enzyme transition-state analogues (Dr P. R. Andrews). Further information may be obtained from Professor L. W. Nichol (Head of Department), in the University.

Research Fellows should have a PhD degree or equivalent experience. Appointments normally will be for two years, but in exceptional circumstances may be for three years and extended to a total period of five years. It is hoped that successful candidates will be able to take up their appointment in the first half of 1979.

Applicants should arrange for reports from three academic referees to be sent to the Registrar of the University in support of their applications.

A salary loading of up to $A5,000 per annum may be paid to an applicant holding appropriate medical qualifications.

CLOSING DATE: **28 February 1979.**

SALARY: Salary on appointment will be in accordance with qualifications and experience within the range: Research Fellow $A15,786 - $20,606 per annum. Current exchange rates $A1 = 58p = $US1.14.

Tenure. Appointment as Research Fellow is normally for three years in the first instance with the possibility of extension to five years unless otherwise stated.

Other conditions: Reasonable appointment expenses are paid.

Superannuation benefits are available for applicants who are eligible to contribute. Assistance with finding accommodation is provided for an appointee from outside Canberra.

The University reserves the right not to make an appointment or to make an appointment by invitation at any time.

Prospective applicants should obtain further particulars from the Association of Commonwealth Universities (Appts) 36 Gordon Square, London WC1H 0PF.

AMERICAN EMBASSY

Requires

Labour Assistant/Specialist

Thorough knowledge of all aspects of industrial relations and trade unionism in a managerial, research or government environment essential.

General knowledge of U.S. labour relations desirable. Salary from £6,682, depending on qualifications and experience. Apply:

Personnel Office, Grosvenor Square, London W1A 1AE.
Tel: 01-499 9000 ext. 309.

WEA EAST MIDLAND DISTRICT

Applications are invited for a post of

Temporary Development Officer

for an inner city project in the West End of Leicester. A university degree is not essential. The salary scale is £3,192 to £5,091. The starting salary may be higher than the minimum according to qualifications and experience.

Particulars from: **District Secretary, Workers' Educational Association, 16 Shakespeare Street, Nottingham NG1 4GF.**

Following a promotion ASTMS now requires a

DIVISIONAL OFFICER

to operate from our Manchester Office.

Salary commences at £7,286 p.a. rising to £7,748 after three years.

Only applicants with specialist collective bargaining experience need apply.

Further details of position and application form may be obtained from **Clive Jenkins, General Secretary, ASTMS, 10/26a Jamestown Road, London NW1 7DT.**

The closing date for completed application forms is **Friday 2 March 1979.**

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The
NATIONAL UNION of TEACHERS
is expanding its staff and has vacancies for the following:-

Experienced **SECRETARY/PERSONAL ASSISTANT** to act as Secretary to the General Secretary of the Union. The post includes responsibility for a busy office, handling the engagements of the General Secretary and liaising with all Union departments. A qualification in higher education is not essential but would be an advantage.

Salary scale: **£4,616-£5,417** inclusive of London Weighting and 1976 Supplement. When telephoning, ask for extension 15. Job Ref. FJ/S

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ADMINISTRATIVE OFFICER — Publicity Department. To assist head of department in all aspects of department's work, particularly media relations and internal Union communications. Post title refers to salary level: the job is creative, requiring initiative and capacity to generate ideas. Publicity experience, ability to work under pressure and carry responsibility necessary. Knowledge of education system and interest in trade unionism advantages. New post. Salary scale: **£4,616-£5,417** inclusive of London Weighting and 1976 Supplement. When telephoning, ask for Toni Griffiths. Job Ref. TG/AO

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Contents

98 **Leader:** Out of the crisis
Notes: National Front, State Security in Norway.
99 **Free Speech:** Official secrets
100 **Peter Kellner:** Public spending ambushed
101 **Bill Wedderburn:** Tories and industrial relations
102 **The strange death of the social contract**
102 **365 days at Garners**
105 **Jeremy McMullen:** Workers' rights
106 **Anna Coote:** Bad news
107 **Stanley Karnow:** Uncle Teng
108 **Patrick Wintour:** Marmaduke's Maths
109 **Rick Rogers:** How to stop a school closure
110 **Mervyn Jones:** Delhi Diary
111 **Letters to the Editor**
113 **Arthur Marshall:** Inconveniences
113 **Roger Woddis:** Lines for a loud-mouthed person
114 **Peter Chambers:** TV dinner in Barbados

Books & Arts
117 **Peter Conrad:** Orientalism
118 **A. S. Byatt:** Wordsworth
Other reviews by **Kingsley Amis, Philip French, Tom Paulin, Lorna Sage**
123 **Charles Fox:** Jazz
123 **David Harsent:** Theatre
124 **Russell Davies:** Sport
125 **Julian Barnes:** Television
125 **John Spurling:** Art
126 **Weekend Competition**
127 **Chess and Crossword**
Poem by Craig Raine

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Europe £19.50, Middle East £21, Africa, India £22, Australia, Far East £23, USA $44, Canada $47.

Theatres

ALDWYCH THEATRE (Royal Shakespeare Company). 836 6404. Info 836 5332. Middleton & Rowley's 'The Changeling', 'As You Like It', Bronson Howard's comedy 'Saratoga'. See daily press for dates and times. RSC also at The Warehouse in Mary O'Malley's 'Look Out . . . Here Comes Trouble!', playreading: 'Fred Karno's Bloody Circus' by Stephen Lowe with Workshop 'In The Club' by Steve Gooch.

HAMPSTEAD THEATRE. 722 9301. 'Daughters of Men' by Jennifer Phillips directed by Nancy Meckler, Mons-Fris 8, Sats 5 & 8.

ARTS THEATRE. 836 3334
Worth queuing for from breakfast time. Financial Times.
TOM STOPPARD'S DIRTY LINEN
Mon. - Thurs. at 8.30. Fri. & Sat. 7.00 & 9.15.

STROUD FESTIVAL 1979
6 - 20 October

INTERNATIONAL COMPETITIONS

Poetry
Details and entry forms from:
D. Worsfield Esq.,
Shepherds Hoe,
Rodborough Common,
Stroud, Glos.
GL5 5BN.

Script
Details and entry forms from:
C. Brooks Esq.,
Coppers,
Blueboys Park,
Minchinhampton,
Stroud, Glos.

Composers
Composition for piano and violin. Duration for not more than 15 minutes.
Maximum age 40.
Prize money £600.
Closing date for competition 30 April 1979.
Full details and entry forms from:
The Secretary,
International Composers Competition,
Lenton, Houndscroft,
Stroud, Glos. GL5 5DC.

NATIONAL THEATRE. 928 2252. 'The Double Dealer', 'The Philanderer', 'The World Turned Upside Down' (perhaps not suitable for children) 'The Putney Debates'. See daily press for dates and times or ring recorded information 928 2256.

ROYAL COURT. 730 1745. Mon.-Fri. 8 p.m. Sats 3 & 8.30 'Mary Barnes' by David Edgar. 'An evening in the theatre as entertaining as it is provocative' Sun. Express.

TOWER, Canonbury Place, N1. British premiere of Woody Allen's 'Don't Drink the Water', 26-28 Jan., 30 Jan.-3 Feb. at 7.30. Bookings 226 5111 (Mons 6.30-8, Tues-Sat 2.15-8).

Exhibition

GANYMED GALLERY, 11 Gt. Turnstile WC1. 405 9836. Original lithographs and etchings by Moore, Arthur Boyd, Whiteley, Lowry, also 18 & 19 C satirical prints.

Entertainments

GALA CONCERT in aid of Observer Libel Fund, Sunday, 28 January, 7 p.m. The Lyceum, Wellington Street (off Strand), WC2. Madeline Bell, John Bird, Ken Campbell and friends, John Fortune, David Hemmings, Lynn Redgrave, Vanessa Redgrave, Corin Redgrave, Rachel Kempson, Frances de la Tour. Tickets £2. Available from 21B Old Town, Clapham, SW4. Phone 622 7029.

Meetings

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE LONDON, Gower St, WC1E 6BT. Lunch Hour Lectures, 1.20 to 2. Admission Free. 30 Jan. 'Oil at Sea' by Professor R. K. Burcher; 1 Feb. 'Listen to Britain'. Film directed by Humphrey Jennings and Stewart McAllister, 1942. 'Housing Problems'. Film directed by Edgar Anstey and Arthur Elton, 1935.

CENTRAL LONDON FABIAN SOCIETY, Annual Joint Meeting with the Bow Group. Betty Boothroyd MP and a Conservative MP discuss 'Mass Participation in Political Activity' at 5 Tavistock Place, WC1, Wed. 31 Jan. 7.30 p.m. Everyone welcome.

FRIDAY 26 JAN. 7.30. Communist Party of Britain (Marxist-Leninist). 'The World in Ferment', Bellman Bookshop, 155 Fortess Road, Tufnell Park, NW5.

YOUNG SOCIALISTS FAIR. Help us complete the Observer Libel fund. Saturday 3 Feb. Starcross School, Risinghill Street, N1. Doors open 12 noon. Star cabaret in evening. Admission by lucky number programme. We need gifts, toys, books, bottles, tins — any ideas you have. Please give us your support. 'Phone 01-622 7029 or contact 21b, Old Town, Clapham, SW4.

PERSONAL GROWTH through self discovery. Meetings 27 Whitcomb Street, WC2. Tel. 01-930 6011.

THEOSOPHY: S.a.e. for pamphlets, book list, programme of activities. Sun. 28 Jan. 8 p.m. Open Question/Answer Meeting. All welcome. ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, W2.

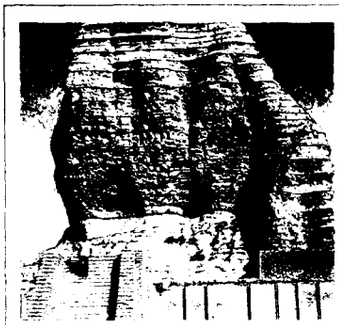
MILTON KEYNES
february festival

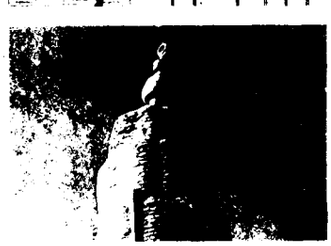
MILTON KEYNES
15-18 FEBRUARY 1979

BBC Symphony Orchestra, Milton Keynes Chamber Orchestra, EMMA Dance Company, The Spinners, Opera for All, Showaddywaddy, Alan Elsdon Jazz Band, City Waites, Michael Nyman Band, The Holst Singers, Polyscope Theatre, Sir Bernard Miles, John Tomlinson, Linda Esther Gray, Hilary Davan Wetton, Isabel Dean, Kurt Sanderling, Lionel Friend, David Wilde, Adrian Henri, Johnny Morris, Wynford Evans, Shirley Minty, Malcolm Williamson, Richard Blackford, David Lyon, Timothy Hawes, Bronwen Jones, Stephen Thomson, Margaret Cable, Christopher Venning, Olga Franklin, John Carson, Hilda Shroder, Sounds Familiar, Mark Uglow.

Sponsored by Volkswagen (GB) Ltd. in association with Milton Keynes Borough Council, Milton Keynes Development Corporation, East Midlands Arts Association, Eastern Authorities Orchestral Association.

Information available from Teresa Collard
Festival Director
Directorate of Recreation, Market Square,
Stony Stratford, Milton Keynes (0908-565611)





THE CITY OF BAGHDAD
24Jan 3Mar1979
The name of Baghdad evokes the aura of "A Thousand and One Nights". This exhibition traces the development of the city from its establishment in AD762 up to the present day
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